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Revival.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet—
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring and cheerly—
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer, "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with her snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say;
Then she answers, "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you—
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you—
Set you free at last!"

Thorns.

"Every Rose, you sang, has its Thorn."
But this has none, I know."
She clasped my rival's Rose
Over her breast of snow.

I bowed to hide my pain,
With a man's unskilful art;
I moved my lips, and could not say
The Thorn was in my heart!

OUR COUSIN.

There was great excitement in our little household, when Robert came home one evening and announced that Cousin Max was coming to visit us. We girls had never seen him, but Robert and he had spent a year together on the continent, when our father was alive and money was plentiful with us. Since then, our German cousin's name had been almost a household word with us.

Max was quite alone in the world, our aunt and her husband both dying when he was quite young. He was almost Robert's age—was tall and fair, and that was all we knew. Robert—never very good at description—had indeed attempted to give us some idea of his appearance, but was silenced by Claire and Birdie, who both exclaimed that they would rather keep their fancy-picture than the caricature they knew he was drawing. We were very happy together, and contented generally. We had been able to keep the old house, and Robert's income from his profession—he was a lawyer like our father—supported us very comfortably. The occasional sale of one of my pictures helped us on a little, and altogether we did very well.

Sometimes I caught myself wishing that Claire (Claire was our beauty) could have the "purple and fine linen" which seemed her right, and that Birdie's exquisite voice might be properly trained; but if I hinted this, Claire would kiss me gaily, asking if she wasn't pretty enough to suit me as she was; and Birdie would dash off into a description of the life she would lead as a *prima donna*, and how every night she would see old Rob and Gracie looking severe propriety from one of the boxes. And so my little trouble always ended with a laugh.

I was the old maid in the family. Robert was the only one that knew why, and he kept my secret faithfully. I had got over being unhappy about it, and Robert and I made our plans very contentedly—how we could live on in the old home when the others had flitted, and what a genuine "old maid's castle" it would be. I was to Robert what the others—dearly as he loved them—never quite could be, and we did not think our separation possible.

We had expected Cousin Max for weeks, and yet he came quite unexpectedly at last. We were sitting in the porch—Claire, Birdie, and I—when we saw Robert coming, and with him a stranger, who Birdie declared she was sure was Cousin Max. He was talking and laughing with Robert, but I noticed that, as they came closer, he started violently, and passed his hand over his eyes; but, recovering himself immediately, he greeted us with a genuine warmth of affection, which took all our hearts by storm.

A gay evening we passed! "Coming events" do *not* "cast their shadows before," whatever people may say. I had never known how really beautiful Birdie was, till that night; but as she stood by the piano, in her soft white dress, with the passion-flowers in her hair, I saw Cousin Max gazing at her like one entranced. Claire's beauty did not seem to impress him at all, perhaps because she was like himself; for indeed they might have been brother and sister. Both had the same regular features, blue eyes, and blonde hair. Beside them Birdie looked like some tropical flower. Max was never tired of watching her quick, graceful motions, and Robert and I had a laugh together over our little pet's conquest.

Cousin Max was soon thoroughly at home with us all, though Birdie still kept her place as chief favorite. They were left much together, for Claire was soon to leave the old home, and our new brother, Alfred, spent most of his time with us. I was very closely occupied with my housekeeping, and with preparations for the wedding, which was to be in August. Robert was away all day, so that Birdie and Max were left to amuse each other. He was quite an artist, and greatly to Birdie's delight had offered to paint her picture. The rest of us were excluded from the studio; for, as it was his first attempt at portrait-painting, we were not to be allowed to judge of his success or failure until the picture was finished. He was also teaching German to Birdie, and every morning found them under the trees in the orchard, Birdie with her head resting on the dark grass beside her, reading in his low, thrilling voice, the legends of his Fatherland.

Blind—blind! Did no one of us ever see that the child-smile had passed away from our darling's face? Did no one ever think that the soft shining in her dark eyes might be the light of a woman's love?

The picture was finished on my birthday, and was the gift of Max to me. We were all taken in to see it, and never since have I beheld so lovely a picture. Birdie's very self stood before us, dressed as Max had first seen her. But the face—the exquisite dewy softness of her eyes—the lips, just parted in a happy smile! The others were congratulating Max. I could only clasp Birdie in my arms, and hide my foolish tears on her shoulder.

That evening we were all sitting in the moonlight. Max was smoking by the window, and Birdie in the usual place on a footstool at his side. He was unusually silent, and unless by an occasional word to Birdie took no part in the conversation. The room was flooded with the clear brilliance of the moonlight, and everyone protested against lamps. Robert and Alfred were arguing as to the reality of supernatural manifestations. The possibility of a second self appearing to warn one of approaching death was mentioned, and Claire turned suddenly to Max:

"Max, you are a German, and should know about such things—you tell us." His face was clearly defined by the light streaming through the open window, and I saw his lips compress suddenly; but when he spoke it was in his usual even tone.

"I certainly believe such a thing possible, Claire. Indeed, I may say I *know* it to be so."

"O, a story! Cousin Max, a story. Tell us *how* you know," said Claire, eagerly.

He smiled slightly. "It is strange, but I have been thinking of this very subject. If I tell you, however, you must expect me to be egotistical, for it is a leaf out of my own life I must show you."

Something in his tone impressed us all, and we sat very silent, waiting for him to commence. Birdie's eyes were lifted wistfully to his face, but his were fixed on the stars beyond.

"About four years ago, I was visiting a very intimate friend in the south of Germany. I had never before seen his family, though we had known each other for some time. His father was a strange, fanciful man, knowing every ghost legend and old superstition by heart. My friend laughed at all such, but his sister, Gretta, was a firm believer in all her father's theories. I remained there for some months, and before I left, Gretta had promised to be my wife."

His voice fell, and it was some moments before he continued.

"Four years ago, to-night, I was sitting by an open window, as I am now, when suddenly I was surrounded by an overpowering scent of violets. This was Gretta's favorite flower, and I immediately thought of her. Presently I heard a step, and a rustle of drapery. Right under my window I saw—I could swear to it—Gretta's face and figure. I sprang to my feet, ran down the stairs, and out into the street, but she was gone, nor was there any other person in sight. I returned to my room baffled and wondering.

"A few days after, I heard from Gretta; she begged me to come to her at once. I found her suffering from great nervous excitement, which she bravely attempted to control in the presence of her father and brother; but the evening of my arrival, as we were all sitting together, she left the room, making a sign to me to follow her. I found her on the terrace. She was standing with her hands clasped loosely before her, her eyes fixed on something in the distance, and such a weird, unearthly look upon her face, that I hastened to arouse her. Laying my hand upon her arm, I spoke her name. She started, then clung to me, trembling violently. When I attempted to soothe her, she burst into tears. When she could speak, she told me that one evening she was standing where we then stood, when she saw a figure coming up the steps from the lower terrace. Thinking it some visitor, she went slowly forward. As they came face to face, the figure raised its head, and she saw—herself!

"I stood quite still," Gretta said to me, "and the *thing* came nearer, looking at me with awful eyes. I tried to speak—to move—but I was held, as if by chains. Then something—whether it was my double or not, I cannot tell, but I heard the words—said '*A year!*' The tower-clock struck seven, and then I fainted."

"That was the day on which I, too, had seen the apparition. Gretta had spoken of this to no one, but the impression that her coming death had been foretold was firmly seated in her mind. In vain I argued against this idea; she would only shake her head, and smile.

"The day on which the apparition first manifested itself was Gretta's birthday, and that day in the coming year was fixed upon for our marriage. Thinking that change of scene would restore my Gretta's failing health, I urged that an earlier day might be fixed, but her father was obstinate. 'The stars had told him that day would be a fateful one in her life,' and nothing would induce him to change it. When I told Gretta of my failure, she said gently, 'You must not be vexed about it, Max. If I cannot be your wife on earth, I will be in heaven.'"

Our cousin paused as he uttered these words, and sat leaning his head back against the curtain. He had used no word of endearment in speaking of his promised wife, but the tone of suppressed passion told us how dearly he had loved her.

Claire broke the silence: "Was she very beautiful, cousin Max?"

"You have her living image there before you," he said, looking down at Birdie's averted face.

I saw my pet change color, and presently she arose, and moved quietly away to one of the windows opening on the garden. Max did not seem to notice the movement, and soon went on with his story:

"The time for our marriage was very near when I again saw Gretta. Business had kept me from her much longer than I had intended. I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the preceding year, and I hoped Gretta had also. I cannot speak of those few short weeks of happiness, all too short as they were. The day came. We were to have been married early in the day, but the pastor suddenly fell down in strong convulsions, and one at some distance was sent for. When Gretta was told of the delay, she said, quietly, 'I knew it would be evening.' The wedding was to be as quiet as possible, on account of Gretta's health, which, shut our eyes as we would, we could not avoid seeing was failing rapidly.

"The pastor arrived, and the hour approached. The air was very heavy, and, opening one of the windows, I went out upon the terrace. Walking slowly forward, I saw a figure in white cross the lower terrace and come slowly up the steps near which I was standing. The form and carriage assured me that it was Gretta, and, calling her name, I went to meet her, but the figure passed quickly on, and vanished in the shrubbery. Turning, I saw Gretta at my side.

"'You have seen it, Max!' she said, in answer to my look of amazed inquiry. 'The time has come, Max. They do not know that I am here,' she said, with a glance toward the house, 'but I wanted to see you again. Don't forget me, Max. I will wait for you.'

"We entered the house by different ways, and in a few minutes her brother came to call me. The service was commenced. My eyes were fixed on Gretta, who was growing paler and paler at every moment. Suddenly the tower-clock struck *seven*; she raised her eyes to mine. I caught her in my arms, but she never breathed again. And that is the reason," said Cousin Max, quietly, "why I shall never marry."

The silence was oppressive. Presently Claire and Alfred left the room, and soon we heard the piano. Max looked around with a smile. "Claire is calling us—where is Birdie?" I pointed to the window. He crossed over to her, and, laying his hand on her hair, said coaxingly, "Come, songbird, they want us." But Birdie drew back from his caressing hand with a quiet dignity that sat strangely on her, and, excusing herself, ran up to her own room.

Max rejoined us with a sorely puzzled face, but though he watched the door all the evening, Birdie did not reappear. I always went to her room at night, and while Claire, Alfred and Robert were sitting chatting in the hall, I went up stairs. Hearing no sound from Birdie's room, I opened the door softly and went in. She was kneeling by the open window, gazing out upon the winding river just visible through the trees, and the gleaming of the white stones in the little church-yard on its banks. I called her, but she made no answer. Sitting down beside her, I lifted her on my lap. Her hands were cold and she was shaking from head to foot.

"My poor little pet, what is it?" I asked anxiously. Never shall I forget the piteous eyes she turned to me.

"Gracie—Gracie, he only liked me because I resembled *her*!"

O, my darling! a mother's eyes might have seen the truth and saved you, but I left you to drift into this bitter love without one word of warning.

The next day Birdie never left my side, refusing, greatly to the astonishment of Max, all his invitations to walk or read with him. To do him justice, I do not think he guessed the mischief he had done. Birdie had seemed such a child, we never thought of the strength and depth of her character. Her sunny, happy nature had been enough for us, and we looked no further.

Robert and Max went away for a few days together, and when they returned Max seemed feverish and excitable. By night he was much worse, and the doctor very soon pronounced his disease typhus fever. When Birdie heard that he was in danger, she insisted upon seeing him, and after that he would not let her out of his sight. He would call her "Gretta," his "darling," his "wife," and beg her never to leave him again; and Birdie would sit with her hand in his, soothing him, humoring his fancies, and growing paler and paler at every word he uttered. In the morning, about two or three o'clock, he would become more quiet, and then, leaving the nurse with him, she would come to me. It was only at such times she rested at all, and often she would not sleep, but would lie watching the color creeping into the eastern sky, with a quiet look of expectation on her face, which filled me with an indefinable sense of dread. In vain we begged her to give up her care of Max; in that she was determined—nothing could shake her resolution. "While he wants me I shall stay," she would say decidedly.

The time for Claire's marriage approached. We had decided to put it off another month; but greatly to our astonishment, Birdie argued against this. When the doctor came she saw him alone, and he, too, advised us to have the wedding. Max might be ill a long time, he said, and it was better to have as small a family in the house as possible. So, a week later, Claire was married. Birdie was there, pale and still, but with a smile on her face, and with loving words and kisses for our poor beauty, whose wedding had proved so sad, after all. Alfred and Claire were to leave immediately; so our good-byes were hurried.

"I am coming back in a week," Claire said to Birdie, "and then I am going to take you away with me."

Birdie did not speak for a minute, and when she did, she only said softly, "Good-by, pretty Claire—good-by."

That night Birdie told me the truth. She was taking the fever, and the doctor had told her there was no chance of her living through it. He had told her, a week ago, that, by nursing Max, she *might* save his life, but she would certainly lose her own; and our Birdie had answered, "I will save him if I can."

"I am so glad Claire is married; I was afraid she would have to wait," Birdie said to me, O! so quietly.

I begged the doctor to forbid her watching Max, but he shook his head: "It would do no good; she wouldn't live any longer for it." So, for a little while longer, I sat waiting every night for my darling, outside the door of her *murderer*, as I called him in my wretched heart. One morning she was later than usual. The doctor had been with Max all night; he left about three, telling me, as he passed me on the stairs, that Max was better, was sleeping quietly, and must not be disturbed.

Four struck, and yet Birdie did not come. I was afraid to open the door, so sat leaning my head on my hand, counting the minutes as they passed. The birds were beginning to sing in the chestnut-tree outside. I sprung to my feet as the door creaked slightly. The nurse was holding it open, and I fancied I saw tears on her wrinkled cheeks. Birdie was standing in the doorway. "It's come now, Gracie," she said softly, as she clasped her arms about my neck.

The cool September winds were blowing, and yet Max had not left his room. He was able to sit up all the morning, and I used to bring my work and sit beside him. One clear, bright day he was sitting by the open window watching the lazily moving clouds, and the fleeting shadows on the grass. Across the field I could see the willows in the church-yard tossing their long arms above the gleaming river, and my heart hardened toward the pale, languid figure opposite me. We did not speak much to each other. He was too weak, and I—what could I say? That morning Max seemed restless; at every sound he would glance toward the door, and then turn away with a look of pained surprise. At last he said, abruptly: "Grace, why does Birdie never come to see me? Has she quite forgotten me?"

I was prepared for this. They had told me I must tell him. I had thought and planned what I should say, and now I could think of nothing. I took the little packet which my darling had given me, and placed it in his hand. "She nursed you through the fever, and she told me to give you this." And so I left him. Had I told him too abruptly? Had I told him at all? Dare I go back?

I tried the door when two hours had passed, but it was locked. When Robert came in, I begged him to go and speak to Max, but before he could obey me Max entered the room where we were. He looked ten years older, and his face was inexpressibly sad. Robert held out his hand to him with a few kindly words of congratulation upon his recovery.

"I *must* be well," Max said, gravely. "I leave to-morrow, and I want to thank you now for all your kindness, when you had such reason to hate me. But, believe me, I never dreamed that ——" His voice failed him, as Birdie's canary, hanging in the window, just then trilled forth its joyous song. Covering his face with his hands, he hurried out of the room.

I am glad that, while he stayed, we were able to be kind to him. Before he left, he came to me:

"Gracie, forgive me, if you can. Believe me, your angel is averged."

I kissed his forehead, and bade him "God-speed." And so our Cousin Max dropped out of our lives forever, leaving no memento of his visit, save the picture that hangs before me as I write—Birdie in her youth and beauty, with the passion-flowers in her hair—only that, and a grave in the little church-yard by the river.

The Drowned Students.

Private letters to the friends of one of the young American students drowned at Lausanne, Switzerland, give such details of the accident as could be ascertained. One of the Crane brothers was found sitting upright in the boat nearly submerged, wrapped in the sail and frozen stiff, his hands clutching the sides of the boat so hard that the skin was torn from his fingers. As the two days intervening between the departure of the boys and the discovery of the one body had been stormy and cold, it is supposed that the boys discovered the approach of the storm and on attempting to lower the sail the smaller of the Crane brothers fell overboard, and that William Woodbury, who was an excellent swimmer, sprang overboard to save him, but that both were drowned. The remaining boy, it is supposed, wrapped himself in the sail for protection, but became drenched and froze to death in the long continued storm.

Excessive exertion often leads to a congested state of the lungs, and deficient exercise is capable of producing tubercles in the same organs through nutritional alterations.

ANOTHER SEARCH FOR TREASURE.

A Strange Story if It Is a True One.

The schooner Witch Queen sailed from San Francisco recently for Cocos Island, on a search for buried treasure. The money has been supplied by New York capitalists. In the event of a failure the vessel is to proceed to the pearl fisheries, otherwise she is expected at San Francisco within six months. The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that the capitalists put faith in the story of David Sutherland, of Vallejo, which is as follows:

"In the year 1835, when I was about eighteen years of age, I shipped as one of a crew of twelve on board the barkentine Mary Deer, bound from Bristol, England, to Valparaiso. On the way out the captain died, leaving but eleven souls on board the vessel. After having discharged our cargo at Valparaiso, we proceeded up the coast to Peru, and anchored off a Peruvian fort, a few miles above Callao. At this time a war existed between the Peruvian and Chilean governments. In the fort was gathered a large amount of gold, silver, jewels, and other valuable property, for safe keeping. An attack on the fort was considered certain, and to keep it from the enemy the treasure was carried on board of the Mary Deer. After the treasure was placed on board our vessel we were tempted by the glittering millions and formed the design of running away with the precious freight. The cable was cut, the sails were spread, and our little craft stood out to sea. As soon as the Peruvians were made certain that we had taken flight they immediately gave chase with two or three vessels. But our vessel was a very swift sailer, and soon left the pursuers far behind.

"We were now in undisputed possession of the treasure with no immediate fear of capture. In the hold of our little craft was wealth sufficient to supply us all with princely opulence; but how was it to be disposed of? After many plans had been proposed and rejected, it was decided to bury it upon Cocos Island. Ten boatloads were one after another conveyed to the beach and buried there. I do not remember the amount of money, but it was said to be many millions; some of it in boxes and some in hides. Reaching back from the shore where we made our landing is a piece of level ground—about two acres. This piece of land lies at the foot of a mountain, down the side of which runs a stream of water. We followed this stream, and near its head, at the foot of the mountain, on the piece of level ground, selected the spot where we buried the treasure.

"After leaving the island we encountered a heavy storm, had our sails carried away, were driven by the wind to the coast of Peru, where we were captured, taken to Callao, tried, and sentenced to be shot. That sentence was carried into effect against eight of us, but I and two others were placed on board of a government vessel and promised that if we would show where the treasure was concealed we should be pardoned. In hopes that some chance of our escape would offer, we told them that the money was buried on the Gallipagos Islands, and the ship was immediately started to get it. On our way we, for some cause that I never knew, put into the Bay of Panama, and while there, the captain and nearly all of the crew were taken sick. One of my companions died, as well as several of the crew and some of the officers of the vessel. One dark night there was a breeze sprung up, and a whaling vessel that had been lying alongside of us weighed her anchor and put to sea. Just as she was going out I and my companion slid down the vessel and swam to the whaler. The captain was glad to get us, for he had also lost some of his men while at Panama. We were on board this whaler several years, but when she came to San Francisco we left her and went to the mines. My companion has done well, and is now living in Napa; his name is Charles Stuart. I have lived at Vallejo for many years, and am well known there."

She Wouldn't Go.

Tom Wilson had been working on his poor farm for years, and yet nothing had been laid by "for a rainy day." He had thought the matter over until he came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to sell the old place and go where the soil was good. He went, found a place that suited him, and when he returned home broached the subject to his wife, as they, with their children, sat around the evening meal.

"Fannie," he said, "I think we had better leave this country; the old place is about worn out, and for the sake of our children, we ought to go where we can do better. They are getting old enough now—"

"I'm not going to do it—no, Mr. Wilson, I never will leave this place, and you needn't think any more about it."

"I saw some fine land while I was gone," he continued, "where we would soon become well off. I looked at a place which would suit us exactly, being near good schools and churches. It is fine soil, well improved, a good house and fine orchard, so I think I will sell out here and—"

"No, you'll not sell out, I just won't go; no, I won't; it's foolish to think of such a thing."

"Well, the boys and I will go ——won't we, little men?"

"Yes—yes, we'll go—we'll go with papa," exclaimed all three little voices at once.

"Well," said Fannie, "you all may go just as fast as you please, but here's one who won't budge a step. Go West, indeed, where I don't know anybody—no, not I."

Mr. Wilson was determined on going, so he said no more about it to his wife, but went ahead, sold his farm, and made all his arrangements. He even packed up his furniture and household goods; still said nothing to Fannie. His wagons were carried before the house and loaded, children bundled in, and just before driving off Fannie came out, wrapped up nicely, with her traveling basket swinging on her arm.

"Where am I going to sit, Tom?" she asked.

"Oh—ah—why, I thought you weren't going?"

"Of course I'm going wherever you and the children go. Here, put my chair in there," and she climbed in the wagon." That was a long while ago. Tom Wilson is one of the wealthiest farmers in his county now.

Where States are Sovereigns.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in a recent decision involving the validity of certain acts of the Michigan Legislature, authorizing the granting of municipal aid to railroads, lays down the principle that a State Legislature is sovereign and able to do whatever is not in terms prohibited to it by the Federal or State Constitution. The effect of this decision is to prevent a large number of towns in that State, and other Commonwealths, from avoiding the payment of bonds which they issued in good faith, but subsequently undertook to repudiate.

Good Quarters—Quarter dollars.

The Tariff Bill.

The amendatory tariff bill as passed by the United States House of Representatives imposes the following rates of duties:

On spun silk, or silk in the grain, and on floss silk, 35 per cent. ad valorem; on sewing silk, 40 per cent.; on lastings, mohair cloth, silk twist, etc., for buttons exclusively, 10 per cent.; on all other silk goods, irrespective of classification, 60 per cent. (the act not to apply to goods having as a component material thereof 25 per cent., or over, of cotton, flax, wool, or worsted); on all still wines imported in casks, 50 cents per gallon; do. in bottles, $2 per case, with a proviso that imported wines containing more than 24 per cent. of alcohol shall be forfeited, and that there shall be an allowance of 2 per cent. for leakage, and of 5 per cent. for breakage; on hops, 10 cents per pound; on chromate and bi-chromate of potassa, 4½ cents per pound; on macaroni and vermicelli, 3 cents per pound; on preparations similar thereto, 5 cents per pound; on nitro benzole or oil of mirbane, 10 cents per pound; on tin in plates or sheets and on terne and taggers tin, 1½ cents per pound; on anchovies and sardines, 15 cents per box, 7½ cents per half box, and 4 cents per quarter box, and when imported in any other form, 60 per cent. ad valorem; yellow sheathing metal and yellow metal bolts, of which the component part of the chief value is copper, shall be deemed manufactures of copper, and pay the duty now prescribed for such, but a drawback is to be allowed for such metal used in the construction, repair, or equipment of vessels built in the United States for the foreign trade between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The duty on moisie iron is to be the same as on all other species of iron of like condition, grade or stage of manufacture.

Jute butts are to pay $6 per ton, and machinery for manufactures from the same plant, except such as is now made in this country, is to be admitted free of duty for two years.

The following articles are put on the free list: Alizarine, peas for seed purposes, quicksilver, ship planking and handle bolts, spurs and stilts used in the manufacture of earthern, stone or crockery ware, and seed of the sugar beet. The fourteen last sections of the bill have reference to internal revenue matters. One of them allows any farmer or planter to sell at the place of production tobacco of his own growth and raising at retail directly to consumers to an amount not exceeding $100 annually.

Bank checks, drafts, orders, or vouchers for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon any bank, banker, or trust company pay a tax of two cents. Nothing contained in the present laws is to be construed to authorize the imposition of a stamp tax on medical articles prepared in accordance with a formula published in any standard dispensatory or pharmacopœia.

The New Party.

A new party movement is under way in the United States, but thus far has been confined to the West. The platform runs somewhat as follows:

(1.) A call for a constitutional convention to effect several changes in the fundamental laws of the United States, among which will be the election of President, Vice-President, and Senators directly by the people; subordinating all corporations to the National Government; disallowing special privileges to any corporation; adding largely to the authority of the General Government in matters affecting the transportation and trades of the country; and making such banking provisions as will allow the General Government to institute banks under its own authority.

(2.) An immediate agitation for committing Congress and the nation at once to the carrying out of the scheme of the five great artificial water routes recommended by the Transportation Committee of the Senate—that is, the opening of the mouths of the Mississippi, the connection of the Mississippi with the lakes, the ship-canal aronnd Niagara, the enlargement of the Erie Canal, and the joining of the James River with the waters of Ohio by a canal.

(3.) The construction of at least two direct freight railways under the authority of the General Government, so as to regulate the charges of the main lines of the country.

With regard to the currency question the majority of those who attend are in favor of inflation; but as yet it is not made a cardinal doctrine of the new party. They will await the course of events.

Catching Mackerel.

Mackerel are very numerous along the Atlantic coast, and are caught by fishing smacks in great numbers from Cape May to Cape Cad. These fish were until late years caught with a small hook, but as fishing became more extensive a new plan was discovered by which a great number could be caught in less time than with the hook and line. It would take the fishermen, with hook and line, a long time to get a load to bring to market fresh, but now they often get enough in one haul to load their vessel.

The smackmen have two fishing-boats and a large seine-like net, about 200 fathoms in length and eight in depth, with a large weight of 150 pounds called "Old Tom," fastened to the bottom rope about midway of the net. They have pulleys connected with this weight and small rings fastened to the bottom rope about four feet apart. A long rope is passed through these rings and attached to the pulleys, so by pulling on this rope the men are able to draw up the bottom of the net like a bag. On approaching a school of mackerel the fishermen drop "Old Tom" overboard, and then row around the fish and let out the net so as to form a circle. After the fish have been closely gathered in the net the captain comes alongside the net with the smack, and with a large scoop-net he, with the assistance of the crew, hoists them on board.

The Eddystone Light-House.

One of the three or four most famous light-houses is the Eddystone, off the coast of Devonshire. The first edifice constructed here was by Mr. Winstanley, of Littlebury, near Lord Braybrooke's famous seat of Audley Inn, which the traveler sees *en route* from London to Cambridge, in Essex. Mr. Winstanley was a country gentleman much addicted to mechanics, and his house was full of "cunning conceits." You sat down in an easy chair and were made a prisoner by its arms; you sought the shade of an arbor and found yourself floating in the pond.

Mr. Winstanley contrived a fabric which lasted three years. He went to visit his work one day, saying he wished that the fiercest storm which had ever blown would rise to test his structure. That evening came the storm, and structure and Winstanley were washed away by the waves.

A very able amateur, a retired tradesman named Rudyerd, next undertook the task, and very cleverly he executed it. His work stood fifty years, and was then destroyed by fire. Then came the wonderful work of Smeaton, which stands to this hour.

MASKED BURGLARS AGAIN.

They Bind the Watchmen and Blow Open a Safe--$3,500 Stolen.

The office of the West Point Foundry was robbed by masked burglars of some $3,500 in money and bonds. One of the watchmen tells the following story of the affair:

I first went to the office and stayed in there until 12:25 o'clock. I then went to an oven in the molding-shop to warm my tea. As I was in the act of putting my tin can down before the fire, three men made their appearance outside. As I came out of the building one of them stepped up to my left side, one of the others to the front of me, and the third one behind me, with a lantern in his hand. The first man said to me, "Are you firing up?" I replied, "Yes." Then he said, "Where is the old man?" I asked him, "What old man?" He said, "The one that watches with you." I said I thought he was in the office. The old man's name is Rodney Roe, a watchman the same as myself. I said to them, "Do you want him?" He replied, "I want you, and you are my prisoner." Then they seized me and walked me along to the molding-room, where they put my hands behind my back and strapped them. One of the men then took a round ball out of his pocket and crammed it into my mouth, and tied it around my neck with tarred strings, completely gagging me. They then set me down and strapped my legs with new straps in two places, and also pinioned my arms and tied me to a heavy casting, and all three left. After I had been left alone five or six minutes one of them came back to see how I was getting along. He asked me if I was all right. I could only mumble something. He then returned to his comrades who were in the office binding and gagging the old man. One of them came back to see how I was, and left again quickly. Finally they came back and cut the straps from my legs and ordered me to stand up. Then they covered my head with a coat. I asked them as well as I could, "Where are you going with me?" One replied gruffly, "You'll know after a while."

I was then led out of doors, and they walked me into the office to the safe vault, in which they put me, and shut the iron door nearly to, leaving it open just far enough to give me a chance to breathe. I found Rodney Roe, the other watchman, in there also, tied, and also bound and gagged. We sat on the vault floor facing each other. While we were in the vault we heard the robbers endeavoring to break open the safe on the opposite side of the room. The safe-vault we were in was used for keeping books and papers in. The inner door is of iron and the outer of wood. The safe they were breaking into is six feet high. We couldn't see the men at work, but could hear them. They were apparently hammering the safe with heavy hammers, and we could hear the clinking of cold-chisels and the grating of levers, as though they were prying open the doors. Suddenly they opened the outer door of the vault we were in and called out to us to "keep back from the inner door, as there was going to be an explosion." Of course we kept back, and then they shut the outer door. We heard a very slight explosion soon after, when the outer door of the vault was again opened, and we heard one of the burglars say to the other, "Where is the new fuse, the old fuse is good for nothing!"

We knew then that the first explosion was a failure. We could hear them charge the safe a second time, and very soon a heavy explosion followed, as though the front part of the safe was blown out. We next heard them handling papers, tearing open envelopes, etc. They were not more than an hour doing the latter work when they again came to the door of the vault, and opened the outer one, and coming to the inner door, opened that one a little also, and peered in upon us. I mumbled to them that I felt faint, and they opened the door wider. One of them took a sledge hammer and smashed in one of the wooden panels of the outer door, and that let the air come in more freely, but he locked the door. All this time Mr. Roe and myself were trying to get our hands loose. Mr. Roe finally succeeding, he then loosened mine, but we did not dare to show that our hands were free for fear they would kill us. Presently we heard them gather up some things and leave the office, and we could hear them hurrying away. I managed to squeeze through the broken panel of the outside door, and soon released Mr. Roe. Looking about the office we discovered that a large hole had been blown in the north door of the safe, and both doors were powder-stained and wide open. Scattered about the floor were torn envelopes, papers, packages, etc.; also a crowbar, sledge hammer, two cold-chisels, fuse, tarred strings, muslin gags, and punches. This was a little after 3 A. M., and as quickly as possible we gave the alarm, but the robbers had fled. All were masked.

A Wild Boar Hunt.

About one hundred and fifty persons, with dogs, guns, &c., met in the public square of Union, Ky., organized under the leadership of Mr. Clarkson, and proceeded to the farm of J. D. Smith on Gunpowder, which a vicious wild boar had visited the night previous. Here Medoc, a noted dog, found the trail, and the entire pack was soon in full cry.

After a run of more than an hour through the dense thickets and among the bluffs, the boar broke cover toward the open country, with the dogs in hot pursuit. Here the hunt grew very exciting, the pursuers being frequently in full view of the chase, and using their guns whenever they could, and the dogs (fox hounds) pressing the game closely, but as yet unable to bring him to bay. In fact, it was almost certain death for one to approach him, his formidable tusks proving such fearful and deadly weapons of defense that he had up to this time killed eight outright and wounded four.

Finally, as he was crossing the Big Bone road, a powerful bulldog was let loose, and immediately attacked the furious beast. Then ensued a desperate struggle. The boar fought as if he knew that his life was in the balance, and the dog was equally game. The latter seized the maddened animal by the right fore shoulder, and in spite of stabs and gashes from the sharp tusks held on with the tenacity for which the breed is noted. The hunters coming up joined in the battle with pistols, clubs, and stones, and under the attack of the combined forces the boar was at length stretched on the ground, conquered only in death. On examination it was found that during the chase he had received fourteen shots, all inflicting severe wounds. He weighed about five hundred pounds, and his tusks were eight inches in length by actual measurement.

The chase lasted about four hours, and a notable feature of the closing scene was the fact that though the dog was nearly torn to pieces and his antagonist was covered with wounds, neither uttered a cry during the fierce death struggle, but both were grim, silent, relentless, and game to the very last, and not until the boar was dead could the dog be induced to release his hold.

THE BLUE POPLIN.

"There! what a lovely shade! This is just the thing, Ida. You *must* have it," and Miss Burlingame tossed the folds of blue poplin, pure Irish, every thread silk, up in better view as she spoke.

"I can't afford it, Fanny. I have only twenty-five dollars in the world, and that must go home to mother, for she needs it," was the quiet answer of Ida Ross, while her eyes, blue as the silk, rested admiringly on the piece, which she longed to possess.

"Nonsense!" cried Fanny; "go in debt for it till some of your music scholars send their money in. It needn't cost over fifty dollars."

Oh, Fanny! I couldn't go in debt for a party dress," said Ida.

"Nonsense!" repeated Miss Fanny. "Ladies do that every day; and you know you'll have the money before long. Come, Ida, you know it is my farewell party, and I particularly want you to wear the same color I do. This poplin is just the shade of my blue satin. Do get it to please me!"

"How much is it a yard?" inquired Ida of the shopman.

"You shall have it very cheap—only two dollars a yard—you don't often have such a chance for a piece like that, madam."

"Twenty-five yards—fifty dollars—say nothing of trimmings," was Ida's hasty calculation, as she half glanced up at a young man who stood near, and who suddenly turned his back upon them. "I ought not, I know, but it is so pretty!" she went on. And aloud she said:

"You ought not to tempt me so, Fanny. I want it bad enough, dear knows. But I won't decide now. Keep it till to-morrow, please, and I will call again in the morning," she said to the clerk.

"Oh, you'll take it, I know," said Fanny, as the obliging clerk laid the goods aside, and the two young girls passed out.

As they went, the young man who had turned his back upon them faced round, and looked after them with an odd expression on his handsome face. But Ida little guessed that Maxwell Derwent was near, and had heard every word of her conversation with Fanny, or she would have fallen to the floor with mortification.

"I wonder if she will buy the dress?" he said to himself, as he followed the young ladies out. "I hope not. I could not respect a girl in her circumstances who could incur a debt like that for a party-dress. I hope she will not. If she does—" Maxwell Derwent compressed his fine lips firmly and did not finish his sentence in words, but mentally he added— "then all is over with us, for I will not seek a wife who can be guilty of a dishonorable action."

He sighed as he spoke, for he was more than interested in the pretty little music-teacher. He had seen a good deal of her lately, for, owing largely to Fanny Burlingame's influence, Ida was received in the same society she had moved in before her father's death. And, thoughtless as well as selfish though Fanny was, she was sincere in her friendship for Ida.

The evening for the farewell party given to Fanny by her aunt, Mrs. Burgess, arrived quickly. And in a thoughtful mood, Maxwell Derwent arrayed himself for his appearance.

"It will be a deep disappointment to me, if I see Miss Ross in the blue dress," he soliloquized, fitting on his gloves before he started. "For if I find she has nobleness and firmness enough to resist this temptation, I will seek to win her. If she has not—well, an extravagant, inconsiderate wife would soon ruin a man with more money than I have, and I won't risk it. Better bear a little pain now than a great deal hereafter. Prevention is better than repentance. After all, though, it doesn't matter much."

But it did matter much, for Maxwell Derwent's heart had never beaten so anxiously as it beat when he stood in Mrs. Burgess's elegant parlor, watching the ladies arrive. And it sunk like lead in his breast, with one heavy throb, as Ida and Fanny Burlingame came in together.

Yet Ida had never looked so lovely as she did to-night. Her fair cheek was flushed the hue of a pink sea-shell, her blue eyes lit with a happy light, two or three soft curls straying from the golden crown on her pretty head down over her white shoulders, and nothing could have been more becoming to her blonde beauty than the lustrous blue folds which fell around her slender figure, and trailed upon the rich carpet beneath her feet.

But nothing could make that blue poplin beautiful in Maxwell Derwent's eyes.

"Fifty dollars for the pattern," thought he, "and a good round sum for all that lace and ribbon trimming, and another seventy-five, I suppose, to the dressmaker. What a load of debt for a young girl to carry! Poor foolish little thing!" He added the last words half pityingly, half scornfully, as he went up to address her, not caring to call remark upon himself by seeming to avoid her.

But he could not make his manner seem otherwise than cold and constrained, and Ida soon felt it. She could not guess the cause, but the light went out of her eyes, and her smile was no so bright as when the happy evening began.

She was glad when Tom Burgess came up and invited her to dance, giving her a chance to get away from Maxwell.

He, poor fellow, had no heart for dancing. He turned away—perhaps fate led him—and sought the shadow of a distant window-curtain from whence he might watch the dancers at his will.

He stationed himself behind two matronly ladies, one of whom he did not know, and the other knew well, for it was his hostess and Fanny's aunt, Mrs. Burgess.

He did not pay attention to their conversation until the strange lady said, "What a pretty girl Miss Ida Ross is!"

"She is a noble girl; a true woman," replied Mrs. Burgess.

"Her dress is very becoming. But one would hardly think she could afford to dress so elegantly," observed the other lady.

"That very dress is one thing which shows her nobleness," said Mrs. Burgess.

"How? You interest me," said the lady.

"Then I will tell you the story," said Mrs. Burgess; and all unawares how interested was the listener who stood behind her, she went on: "This is Fanny's farewell party, before she goes South, you know, and she had set her heart on having her friend Ida wear a dress the same color as her own. She bought herself a blue satin, and wished Ida to purchase a beautiful blue Irish poplin which they saw. Ida knew she could not buy the dress without going into debt for it, but she was so much tempted that she promised to call the next day and decide. She did go, by herself, and told the clerk she would not take the dress. Then she came here and told Fanny. You know Fanny is a little heedless and a little selfish, sometimes, and she was so disappointed at not having Ida wear the blue dress that she spoke very unkindly

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 25, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

The time is nearing when the democracy of our county must nominate its ticket. Candidates are beginning to move around, and their fitness and prospects are being discussed. Democrats, we counsel you to bear in mind that it is essential to nominate good men. The people are demanding this more than ever before. Men will not vote anything now, as they used to because it's the party nominee—they have got over that idea, and their just wishes must be respected if we wish a full democratic vote and an increased majority.

Our party is not so strong in this county, that the wishes of the people can be defied. We want a good and strong ticket—there is an abundance of material in our ranks from which to frame such a ticket, and with it victory is assured. We desire to see the party built up, and its majorities increased, and it is only by following this advice that it can be done.

The counties of Union, Clinton, Elk and Clearfield are certain to go for Mackey for congress, which secures his nomination beyond a doubt, and if Centre and Mifflin follow the wishes of the democracy, they will also wheel in and make his nomination by acclamation, a compliment which Mr. Mackey deserves.

The nomination of Mr. Wallace, for senator, is also a settled matter in the minds of the people. Clinton and Clearfield will instruct for him, and we think the democracy of Centre will show good sense and judgment by following suit.

This fair and excellent choice for congress and senator, will leave the President Judgship to Centre, by the nomination of Judge Orvis.

Mackey, Wallace & Orvis—we ask every honest voter, could the people of the counties concerned have fixed upon a better ticket? No stronger, abler and more talented three can be brought together in any other section of the commonwealth. It will receive the support of honest men of all parties. These gentlemen are the free choice of the people themselves—no electioneering, no tricking, no bargaining has been resorted to, but the people have set them up, and for once we will have a ticket which was fixed by the fiat of the people themselves. How fitting this comes in under the new order of things and in the spirit of the new Constitution.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

Under the above caption the Morning Patriot has a little advice which meets our views, and which we commend to the democracy of Centre county, and is such advice as is frequently found in the Reporter. That paper says:

We trust that the democratic party throughout the state of Pennsylvania will see to it that the people have an opportunity presented them of being properly represented in the next Legislature. The opposition have learned nothing from the tacit rebuke administered by the adoption of the new constitution which is an instrument framed especially to guard the people against their own representatives. The republicans already nominated and whose nominations seem to be assured are fresh recruits or old employees of the ring. The cities will bear down on the legislature next winter with the usual pestiferous swarms with no objects or interests beyond their salaries and prospective stealings for which they will come orgnnized and equipped at the outset. It is in the power of democrats in every republican stronghold of the state to give that party an alternative of decent and dignified representation by naming and running proper men on the democratic ticket. It is in the power of democrats in every democratic stronghold to set an example of party probity and self-respect. The democrats of Schuylkill, Berks, Luzerne, Lycoming and other counties we might name, owe it to their great constituencies and diversified interests that their delegations in the Pennsylvania legislature shall in some sense represent their actual importance as parts of a great commonwealth. They belittle their own influence and weaken the party strength by sending any unfit representatives to Harrisburg. The times are out of joint, and the highest capacity and integrity are demanded for the work ready to the hands of the first capable legislature which can be got together at the capitol.

We endorse the following from the Lewistown Democrat:

The Altoona Sun says that Hon. W. A. Wallace will not be a candidate for re-election to the State Senate; but the statement is not authenticated by the Clearfield journals. As a general rule we are a rotationist, in respect to the public offices in the gift of the people; but there are exceptions to all rules, and we are free to say, that the retirement of such a man as Mr. Wallace from the Senate would involve not only a loss to the interests of the State, and his immediate constituency, but, (being an accepted champion and leader,) also a serious loss to the Democratic party.

Col. A. C. Noyes, of Clinton county, is recommended for governor. The Colonel is not a very old man, but he belongs to the good old stock in principles. Plain and unassuming, but sound judgment and very deservedly would the word "honest" come before his name. He'd make a good governor.

The Reporter, a few weeks ago, led off in recommending Hon. L. A. Mackey, of Lock Haven, for Congress, and we are pleased to note that what we said receives endorsement throughout the district—the most of the democratic organs have endorsed the article of the Reporter and have pronounced in favor of that able and estimable gentlemen as the next congressman from this district, and the mass of the rank and file of the party have already seconded the suggestion to such an extent, that Mr. Mackey's nomination seems to be generally conceeded. He is emphatically the best and strongest gentleman in the district, and eminently deserving the nomination by acclamation. He is no stranger to our people, but on the other hand so well and favorably known, throughout the district, that the people at once cried "Amen" when his name was suggested for the democratic nomination for congress.

There is one thing that scheming politicians may as well know as not, and that is that they can make no arrangement with butties in county or district for present or future so far as party action is concerned. No such bargains are binding upon the democracy in any sense whatever. No such thing as pre-emption right to offices will be recognized by the people; or, to make our meaning a little more plain, we would say, that no politician outside of Centre county can make an arrangement with any politician inside the county which is binding upon the party, and by which "you go for me now, and then you are to have it next time." Office seekers often claim that because they were a candidate one year and did not get a nomination, the party is obliged to nominate them the next year. There is none of that kind of squatter sovereignty to offices. Yet this plea is often made. If politicians have nice arrangements cut and dry for parcelling out among themselves certain offices, the party is in no manner bound to it, for the people are not the property of unprincipled place seekers, who would only dispose of them as merchandise to the highest bidder and to be used to vote rogues into office.

STRIKING AT THE PRESS.

Just as some of the most important public services which the press has ever rendered to the country are consummated in the detection and punishment of the Ring robbers in New York and the Ring robbers in Washington, says the Sun, and when the only hope of saving free institutions from universal putrefaction is seen to be in the liberty of the press, the defenders of official villainy and official plunder in the Senate have passed a bill intended to silence every free newspaper, and to fortify villainy and plunder against free speech and free printing.

Mr. Carpenter's bill, carried through the Senate with the active cooperation of Mr. Conkling and with the support of almost all the Administration Senators, has no other object than that of protecting such crimes as Boss Shepherd's and such an administration as Grant's, by making it difficult and dangerous to expose them. To this end they seek to revolutionize the law and to provide a means for prosecuting libel suits for damages by serving complaints not upon the party accused, nor at the place of publication, but upon some agent or correspondent employed at Washington or elsewhere. Against this atrocious design Mr. Wadleigh of New Hampshire, an independent and honorable Republican, interposed an earnest protest, as did Mr. Bayard and Mr. Thurman, but it was in vain. This Administration and its Rings, and the corrupt party that supports it and them, cannot bear the truth. With a free press to reveal them as they are, the people will destroy them; and so they mean to put down the press; and they have passed their bill accordingly.

Very well; let them persevere. Let the Republican majority in the House of Representatives enact the bill, and let President Grant sign it. They will find it return to plague them more than they can now imagine; and their end will be infinitely worse than their beginning.

THE TWENTIETH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

[From the St. Mary's Gazette.]

Heretofore our county has been attached to the old Erie (XIX) district, which has been overwhelmingly Republican. This being the case, it has been a difficult task to select candidates for Congress who would accept, as it was a source of much expense to the candidate with no hope of deriving any profit, while the honor was empty. As we are now situated, the order of things are reversed. We are now grouped with Union, Clinton, Clearfield, Mifflin and Centre, and our district is designated as the XX., which gave 2,320 majority for Buckalew for Governor in 1872, thus making it a clear Democratic district. It is now time for our citizens to cast about for a suitable candidate to represent us in Congress. Among the aspirants for the position thus far, L. A. Mackey, of Clinton county, is, by far, the most prominent. Elk county will, in all probability, have no candidate. Should this be the case, we are decidedly favorable to Mr. Mackey for the nomination, for various reasons: He is a gentleman of vast experience as a business man, and is eminently fitted for the position by education. He has always been a warm and consistent Democrat. He is a fluent speaker and a hard worker, and, lastly, he is one of the most popular men in the district. The nomination of Mr. Mackey would prove a tower of strength in the State campaign. We have wily foes to contend with in the State, and strong Democratic nominations in every congressional district would undoubtedly carry the State ticket by an overwhelming majority. Radicalism is now on the decline, and if, this fall, we all put our shoulders to the wheel, we can certainly utterly annihilate it in this State. We do not wish to disparage the claims of others who are aspirants for the position, but, with all due candor, we think they had better withdraw in favor of the man whom the fates have sealed as our candidate this fall. Mr. Mackey was our choice as a candidate for State Treasurer last fall, for, as a financer, he is excelled by none. His knowledge of financial matters will be of great service in Congress; as this will, without doubt, be the all-absorbing question for the next two years in our national legislature. Although president of the Lock Haven National Bank, his views are not in accord with the party who have foisted the present system of banking upon us. Mr. Mackey was educated as a lawyer, but has not practiced for a number of years, having other business which employed all of his time. He is a pleasent speaker and sound reasoner, and if nominated, will carry the district by a tremendous majority.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE STATE GRANGE OF PATEONS OF HUSBANDRY.—The grangers, who had been in session at Mechanicsburg several days, adjourned *sine die* after adopting resolutions, for which we are indebted to the Farmer's Friend:

Resolved, That it is too late to discuss the propriety or expediency of the American system of co-operative combination, since all other industries have long since organized under it and are profiting largely through its instrumentality.

Resolved, That we seek by co-operative combination the legitimate and proper remedy of the agriculturist to lessen the cost of farm produce, thus at the same time enhancing their profits and cheapening their produce to the customer.

Resolved, As the equal of all classes engaged in the various business industries, we will not rest contentedly under a series of laws enacted to favor other callings, at the expense of the great wealth producing interest in which we are engaged; and as farmers we insist that our calling shall be protected by a system of equal taxation and representation, to the end that our capital invested in our farms shall be as remunerative as that of the money lenders.

Resolved, That we cordially invite the farmers of Pennsylvania to join us in our co-operative combination to enable greater system, and more intelligence in the management of the farm; hoping through a system of statistical information, we may be enabled to diversify production, thereby enabling us the better to meet the farmers' great law of "supply and demand."

Resolved, That we present the order as an educator of our sons and daughters, hoping with this agency to correct the growing disposition of our children to abandon the occupation of the farm, and also beget a love for rural pursuits; and we further claim that woman assumes her proper position in society while enjoying the rights and privileges accorded to her by our order.

Resolved, That our mission as reformers of existing inequalities produced by a system of partial legislation necessarily involves a thorough knowledge of public affairs, and while we occupy an armed neutrality as between existing parties, we will steadily wield the ballot in behalf of economy, and lessened taxation, and in the language of our brother patrons of the state of Ohio, we demand that the compensation of officers of government—the men who are sent to represent us—correspond to the compensation of the labor of the field, the shop and all departments of the trade. That while we recognize their true value, we are unwilling to support extravagances in any shape, and shall resist it with all the moral force and firmness of our nature, relying upon that grand motto of equal and exact justice to all, as also that the office shall seek the man, and the man the office.

The next session of the grange will meet in Williamsport on the first Tuesday in January next.

We are on the eve of great events in France—probably of the founding of the ideal Republic or the re-establishment of the Empire, and almost certainly of a civil war. The insolence and intrigues of the Bonapartists, and the oppression and open sympathy of MacMahon's government with the Imperialist element, are the causes which may ere long provoke an avalanche of popular indignation that will sweep everything before it, and leave behind only a track of blood. Heine's prophecy, made twenty years ago and partly verified when mad Paris tore down the Column Vendome and set fire to the Tuilleries, may be completely fulfilled in less than a sixmonths by an uprising of the *sans culottes* which will take the ashes of the Great Napoleon from their resting place and scatter them to the winds of Heaven.

The anti monarchy vote in the French National Assembly, on 8th, was not taken an hour too soon. In that Legislature, supposed to be republican, there is a strong monarchical party, divided it is true, into Bourbon, Orleans, and Imperial sections, but still having at heart the compound principle of "one man rule" and hatred to republican institutions. On Monday there was a full attendance of the National Assembly, which, when complete, consists of 750 members. As many as 686 votes were taken on one motion. Then M. de la Rochefoucauld, having resigned his appointment as embassador in England, and acting as a leader of the hereditary Bourbon party, moved this resolution: "The Assembly declares that the government of France is a Monarchy; that the throne belongs to the head of the house of France; that Marshal MacMahon may assume the title of Lieutenant of the Kingdom, and that the national institutions shall be determined by agreement between the King and the national representatives." That is, down with the Republic, up with the Monarchy, and the Count de Chambord, last of the Bourbons, as *owner* of the throne. The motion that this be referred to the Committee of thirty (the mainspring of the National Assembly) was voted down by a majority of one hundred. That is, while 393 votes went the other way, 293 were openly given by the legislature of the French Republic in favor of restoring the Monarchy in the person of a Bourbon, the grandson of Charles X., deposed and expelled in 1830. This is too formidable a minority. Still, the decision of the question as regards the Bourbon pretender fairly snuffs him out; nor does it leave the Orleans aspirant much better off. The question is now between the Republic and the Empire—there being not the shadow of a chance for young Bonapart for several years, and then not a very bright one. It seems as if, after all, the Republic would be finally erected, as the end of the present struggle, on the ruins of the Monarchy. So mote it be!—Press.

New York, June 19.—There was considerable excitement in the Court House this morning by the appearance of Wm. M. Tweed subpoenaed as a witness. The ex-chief of the defunct ring was brought into court attended by two deputy sheriffs. He was dressed as in old times, in a dark suit and white necktie. He is much thinner than of yore, and his face bears evident trace of mental anxiety. He has failed too, perceptibly, but appears to be in good health and in terrible spirits. He was attended as ever by his son Wm. M. Tweed, Jr.

THE NEW CURRENCY BILL REPORTED—ANOTHER VETO EXPECTED.

[Special Despatch to the World.]

Washington, June 18.—The new Currency bill as agreed on by the Conference Committee was reported this afternoon and will be acted on by both Houses to morrow. It is conceded that the bill will pass the Senate but the prospect is not so decided in the House. It is thought that the President will veto it from the fact that it contains no specie resumption provision, and for the equally important reason that it fixes the legal-tender circulation at $382,000,000. The redistribution of $55,000,000 of national bank note circulation provided by the bill will be made principally for New England. The Comptroller of the Currency makes a calculation, showing that outside of New England the bill, if it becomes a law, will only take $2,000,000 from the State of New York and $600,000 from Baltimore. No attempt was made in this second conference to provide for free banking or in any other way to increase the volume of currency. The proposed release of the bank reserves on circulation was the only step taken in that direction.

On Thursday the conference committee on the currency bill reported a substitute, which fixes the volume of the greenbacks at $382,000,000; does away with the reserves on circulation, but requires instead of such reserves that national banks shall keep at all times in the treasury a sum equal to five per cent. of their circulation, and provides for the withdrawal of $55,000,000 from banks having an excess of circulation and its redistribution among banks having a deficiency. These are its main features. The conference report was adopted by the Senate, and the smallness of the opposition which it encountered indicates that it will go through the House without difficulty, and receive the approval of the President.

After a long and animated debate the House on 19 modified the Senate amendment to the postal appropriation bill. The prepayment feature is, of course, retained, and the rates fixed at the following figures: On newspapers and periodicals issued weekly, and more frequently than once a week, 1½ cents for each pound or fraction thereof, and on those published less frequently 3 cents a pound, provided that the rate of postage on newspapers or periodicals not exceeding two ounces in weight, and circulars when the same are deposited in a letter carrier office for delivery by the office or its carriers, shall be uniform at 1 cent each; but periodicals and weekly papers, more than two ounces, shall be subject to a postage of 2 cents each, and these rates shall be prepaid by stamps. The amendment allowing single copies of newspapers to go through the mails free within the county was concurred in.

The principal points in the amended bankrupt law are that forty days of default in the payment of commercial paper are required instead of, fourteen under the existing law; that one-fourth of the entire number of the creditors, and one-third of the amount of debts, must join in the petition for involuntary bankruptcy; that the new law shall apply to the pending cases in bankruptcy instituted since Dec. 1, when the debts secured by the suit shall have been paid, or when a majority of the creditors ask for a discontinuance; that a voluntary bankrupt shall be discharged upon the payment of 30 per cent. of his indebtedness; that an involuntary bank rupt shall be discharged when he shall have been proved innocent of any fraud; and that the fees and expenses of bankruptcy proceedings shall be reduced temporarily until the Supreme Court shall establish a new system, looking to permanent reduction and simplification.

AN INDIANA TRAGEDY.

Cincinnati, June 16.—Special despatches from Lawrenceburg, Indiana, report a mysterious murder discovered to day, two miles from that place. Mrs. Mary G. Bradley and her two daughters, aged 10 and 12 years, were found dead and horribly mutilated. Mrs. Bradley's body was cut open, and the heads of the two girls were beaten to a jelly.

A baby was found suffering from a slight wound, and a three-year old boy was found wandering in the adjacent woods uninjured. The family was poor and had no money. The husband is at present working on a farm in Ohio. There is no clue to the motive or persons of the murderers.

Somebody has written a letter from South Carolina which says that one-third of the persons holding minor offices in that state have been indicted for some offense committed during their term of office, and the proportion of office-holders charged with various crimes committed previous to their election or appointment is said to be much larger. The republican party is responsible for putting the state into the hands of these officials, and it is no more than just to hold that party to account for the mischief that has been done. By a selfish and cowardly policy it has ruined the honest people of a great state, and only thieves have thieved under its rule. —Courrier Journal.

The new liquor law of Mississippi requires that no person shall be licensed to retail liquor until he has first secured the recommendation of more than half the men over twenty-one years of age, and more than half the women over eighteen years of age in the corporation or township where he desires the license.

The crusade against the Mormons in Congress, continues with unabated vigor, and the strongest efforts are making to pass the House bill aimed at their destruction through the Senate. It is now proposed to pass a law regulating the election of delegates from territories, providing that they shall be twenty-five years of age, seven years a citizen of the United States, and shall have but one wife. This proposition came from the Elections Committee of the House, and was promptly adopted, but its passage through the Senate is hardly probable. An obscure Western member also introduced a resolution requiring the Committee on Elections to report on the subject of the expulsion or unseating of Delegate Cannon, who practices polygamy, but this was promptly voted down.

The Illinois clerical war in the Presbyterian camp is to break forth afresh in the coming month. Patton, having failed to have Swing swung, now proposes to prosecute the entire Presbytery of Chicago.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has confirmed a verdict of $3,000 against a saloon-keeper at Clinton, in that State, for selling liquor to a drunkard. The complainant was the wife of the ultra bibulous person.

Wisconsin emigrants are flocing from the grasshopper country.

A NEW COMET.

The comet which is now rapidly approaching the Earth was discovered on the 17th of April last by M. Coggia, of Marseilles. It was first seen in this country on the 30th day of May, by Mr. S. W. Burnham, of the Chicago Observatory. It was then in the constellation of the Giraffe, within twenty-one degrees of the North Pole. It was moving in right ascension about one and a half minutes per twenty four hours, and its declination was diminishing by about fifty minutes of an arc in the same interval. It showed a tail extending toward the northeast about twelve minutes in length, which was gradually becoming lighter, and was almost visible to the naked eye. The New York Times of 21, furnishes the most copious and accurate information yet given this continent concerning it. The comet is now visible to the naked eye, and is situated, at one o'clock in the morning, directly beneath the polar star, at a distance from it of about 25°, or about midway between it and the horizon. With the aid of an opera glass it can be seen in a hazy, nebulous mass, with a bright point on one side. It is at present moving toward the Earth, and is now visable all night, but will soon be visible only in the early part of the evening, setting in the northwest. It will be brightest on the evening of August 3, when it will be 245 times as bright as at the time of discovery, while at present it is only about six times as luminous.

From this it will be seen that in a few weeks we will have an interesting spectacle on free exhibition in the Northern heavens. Nobody, however, need be alarmed in consequence.

The Christian Register narrates a curious story of an English authoress, who being a dissenter, was yet desirous of being buried, wherever she might die, in the quiet church-yard near her house, but was informed by the rector, that her body could not be received into "consecrated ground." She then wrote to the town of her birth to know if place could be found for her in the family chapel burial ground, but learned, in reply, that burials were no longer permitted there. Application was made elsewhere, with like result. But at length, after one more attempt, she received a letter couched in the most encouraging and satisfactory language: "My dear Miss——: It will give us the greatest pleasure to bury you at any time," &c., &c.

In a recent lecture on the "Roman Catacombs," Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey, said the oldest chamber of the catacombs, which dated from about the beginning of the second century, contained representations of a joyous nature. There were no crosses or illustrations of torture or death's heads but wreaths of roses and children at play. Heathen paintings were very freely copied, the figures of Orpheus, Psyche, and Bacchus being frequent. In the midst of so much heathen imagery was the frequent representation of the Good Shepherd. The religion of the first Christians, as it appeared in the catacombs, was a religion of a joyful nature, one which had a tendency not to repel but to include, not to condemn but to save. Besides the Good Shepherd the most prominent figure was the vine, which ran over the whole chamber.

Mrs. Margaret Cameron, wife of Senator Cameron, died at her residence in Harrisburg, on Friday morning, 19th. She was an aged and most estimable lady and will have a mourner in every acquaintance.

A young man named Lewis Shuler while bathing at Cincinnati on Friday night was seized with cramps. A friend, Ephraim Caruthers, went to his assistance but was seized by the drowning man and they were both drowned.

Friday night a freight train was thrown from the track on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Wilmore, Pa., by running over a cow. The engine and fifteen cars were thrown down a steep embankment, killing the engineer and fireman.

Senor Mantilla, the newly-appointed Spanish minister to the United States, is expected to arrive here next month, when Admiral Polo de Barnebe takes his departure. Mantilla has been in the diplomatic service several years.

Minister Washburne's late dinner in Paris to the Duke Decazes is said to have been a fine affair. There were ten ambassadors present and several prominent government officials. Washburne was the only lady at the dinner.

Mr. J. Banchroft Davis, our new minister to Germany, sails on the 27th with his family and secretary.

Minister Schneck was the recipient of a complimentary dinner from several of the foreign ambassadors upon his return to London.

Minister Bancroft leaves Berlin in two weeks and sails from England for America, accompanied by his wife and Col. Bliss, late secretary of legation.

SERMON—MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., preached, on 14th, in the Fifth Avenue Babtist Church, the text being "Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all that are appointed to destruction, open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy."—Prov. xxxi, 8-9.

The second question which God ever propounded to man, said Dr. Armitage, covers the whole thought of the text. Jehovah said to Cain, "Where is Able thy brother?" And he said, "I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" Of course he was his brother's keeper, and the rebuke which followed branded him with the violation of this sacred obligation. There lay upon the cold ground the ghastly body of the first-born of death, and as the eye of God scanned the pale corpse of the murdered youth, he demanded, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto the from the ground. And now thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." Cain's impertinent reply shows that already he had misgivings touching the wickedness of his conduct, but that he intended to shake them off under the specious plea that his brother was not less a man than himself—that they were both endowed with the same life, and armed with the same means of defense—and that if Able had fallen before his staggering blows, he was to blame for being the weaker of the two, while Cain could not blame himself for being the stronger. But Jehovah's reply to his reasoning implies that, because Able was the weaker, Cain was under the most stringent obligations to defend his brother's life against all danger. This principle runs through the entire series of relationships that bind man to man. The crime of Cain was double. First, in that he failed to protect the life of Able as he had protected his own, and, second, in that he had violently invaded and destroyed his brother's life. Now, all men will promptly condemn him for the last act, while some may question how far he was blameworthy for the first. But this state of mind is clearly induced by a decidedly low conviction regarding mutual responsibility among men. The destruction of this noble sense caused Cain to relapse immediately into semideism, which manifested itself in the non-suffering sacrifice which he offered to God. A vegetable offering cannot suffer that order of suffering with which man can sympathize. And because there was no sympathy between himself and his offering, it merely gave full play and place to his own selfishness. Hence, as a matter of fact, the idea of an atonement is inseparable from deep sympathy and strong convictions of brotherly responsibility are always inseparable likewise. Henry Townley says that a missionary had one day been preaching in India, and when his sermon was concluded a Hindoo said to him: "Sir, Why do you take so much trouble about other people; why do you not leave them to take care of themselves?" The missionary replied, "Suppose they are unable to take care of themselves; in such circumstances ought not a man to care for his neighbors?" "No," said the Hindoo, "he should leave his neighbor to God, and only take care of himself." That colloquy gives you the exact practical difference between religion inside of mediation and religion outside of mediation. The one is all selfishness and the other is all sympathy. The one shakes off the sense of responsibility and the other binds it on. The one dwarfs humanity by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and the other enlarges it by proclaiming "No man liveth to himself." Hence the text lays open one of the most closely sealed operations of the human soul, by making the full half of mediatorial religion consist in the injunction "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

1. Now look at the nature of mutual responsibility and the reasons for its culture. And it is human. So far as we know man is the only creature on earth that is responsible. The birds, the beasts, and the fishes, are endowed with a certain number of instincts, sometimes with a high order of intelligence, and often with a large share of intelligence, and often with a large share of affection; but they know nothing of responsibility. They may violate their instincts and affections, but they have no appreciation of right and wrong in that violation. No moral sense stimulates them to right or retains them from wrong. This attribute enobles humanity alone. Instinct and affection will impel the animal world to exposure and self-denial for others, of their own and even of other tribes, but never from an intelligent discrimination of what is right and wrong in the matter. Yet this is the most powerful motive which controls the human breast; and the highest form of its expression that can be given was seen in the person of Jesus, who felt that it became him to suffer death, even for his enemies, that through suffering he might bring many sons to glory. The spirit of the text therefore is in exact harmony with the spirit of Christ. It was the dignity, the power, the humanity of man, which moved him to act as he did in the rescue of immortals, and it is precisely in that immortality that the responsibility of man to man is lodged. Man is man's brother, and consequently man is his brother's keeper. You see the nature and reasons for this responsibility.

2. In suffering humanity. Humanity in adversity; "poor"—"needy"—"dumb"—"appointed for destruction." Now, it is entirely immaterial whether this adversity relates to the soul or the body, to time or eternity, responsibility requires us to relieve it, and to remove it to the utmost of our ability, even if we exercise that ability at the cost of great sacrifice. There is, I admit, something startling in the sentiment that in an important measure every man is responsible for his fellow-man in his adversity. So far as we can "open the mouth for the dumb," and plead the cause of the needy," that is, so far as we possess the means of improving their condition, so far blame attaches to us if we do not "judge righteously" and "plead their cause." These very means, whatever they may be, create our responsibility if we leave it unlightened, or if it be happiness which we might create, and we leave it uncreated, we are responsible. The fact that we possess the means proves the design of God in bestowing the gift upon us to have been its use, in exercise benevolence. God is never prodigal. He always adapts the means exactly to the end, and leaves the imperative obligation with the possessor of the means. What a majestic and lovely simplicity gathers around the second table of the law. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." By this law we are bound to use all that we possess to advance our own happines and the happiness and the happiness of our neighbor too. Reasoning is unnecessary here; every man's commen sense tells him that if he can benefit his neighbor, but does not, he is blameable. If this be not true, what right have you to attach blame to a miser? If he is not responsible for seeing men perish without pity, then he is not to be blamed therefor. When one sheep, or ox, falls into the water and drowns, why do you not impute heartlessness to the other sheep, or oxen, who stand by and look on without making efforts to save him? They have not the ability to save him. But let a dozen able bodied men stand by unconcerned, and forthwith you rank them with murderers in spirit, because they refused to use the means in their power to save the man. So far as an end can be attained by certain means you hold a man responsible for their non-use. If a beriden man could not rise to put out a fire, or save a sleeping family from the flames, you would not hold him responsible; but if he had strength to sound the alarm to others who could rescue them, and refused to do so, then you would hold him to his responsibility. So, if you knew of a contemplated robbery or murder, and gave not timely information to frustrate it, the public law, the public conscience, and the public voice would adjudge you a party involved. You may not have been a perpetrator of the crime, but you have covered yourself with infamy by criminal neglect. The sentry sleeps at his post and the enemy comes unperceived, or the man at the lighthouse fails to light the lamp and a fleet is wrecked, and you hold him as a criminal. "If the watchman see the sword come and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned, if the sword take any person from among them, his blood will I require at the watchman's hands." This is the spirit in which Solomon says, if a man is "dumb and cannot plead his own cause, and you have a tongue, and perhaps an eloquent, learned, and influential tongue, but refuse to open your mouth and plead his cause, but stand by and see him appointed to destruction," you invoke a fearful responsibility indeed. You refuse to turn away the sword and sheathe it, or to leave the needy in his helplessness when you could lift him up, how then dwells the love of God in your heart? The nature and reasons for this responsibility are seen in that—

3. Humanity may suffer in you. All the great necessities of human inhere in humanity constitutionally, and the merest change in circumstances may call them into activity. If then the activity of adversity should ever press upon you, by want or suffering, or sorrow, you may need sympathy at the hands of others just as they now want it at your hands. The day may not be far distant when you will change places with the poor, the needy, the exposed and the dumb, then you will need eloquent plea and righteous judgment. Then the law of sympathy in you will call for and demand a mutual responsibility on the part of your fellow men who are not in adversity, most practically, both in feeling and in action. If you faint in the day of adversity appointed to others, because your strength is small, and your heart smaller, you need not wonder if others faint too in the day of your adversity. The realization of responsibility is sympathetic, but if it rests upon you so lightly as not to move your sympathy now towards others, it will move very sluggishly towards you in the breasts of others, when you are in adversity. There never was a more philosophical truth uttered than that of the Saviour, "Happy are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Then let the very possibilities of your own nature stir you up to the full weight of your responsibility concerning the needs of others. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ye unto them." This is the golden rule; it is the law of humanity also, and the bond of the race. Nothing so tests the moral strength of men as their treatment of others in adversity. If it is weak, with the small "measure that you measure it shall be meted out to you again," and if it is mighty, the measure made to you in return will be large. Whether a man be a friend or an enemy, because he is a suffering man we must help him, for as men we may suffer ourselves in turn, and need his help. Now, let us for a few moments examine

II. The excuses which men offer for shaking off this responsibility. Solomon insists that our excuses here are groundless. "If thou say, Lo, we know not this, shall not He, the trier of hearts, perceive, and the keeper of thy soul, shall He not know? And He renders back to every man according to his deeds." This shows that men often urge an excuse here without searching for the secret spring from which it emanates, while God reads the motive in the most hidden grot of the heart. There is no indolence or frailty by which a plausible excuse can mislead him as to its correctness. "Their trier of hearts shall perceive." We often accept a flimsy reason for our conduct, either because we wish to take no notice of our offense, or because we are not concerned enough about it to push an inquiry. Then, again, sometimes we flatter ourselves that we have an apology which, because it passes current with the world, may not be rejected by God. The man who thinks that the claims of his family furnish an excuse for the making of money, whether in a way that is right or wrong—the sculptor, who think that the strength of passion is an excuse for indulgence—The covetous, who think that the need of hoarding for children justifies the greed, and even oppression;—each of these may justify his conduct before a large portion of the world, hence he dreams that the same vindication will procure him acquittal before God. It is just here that a man is made to feel the first pressure of his responsibility. If God searches and detects every excuse, he will expose its falseness. Our excuses prevail with our fellow men because they are not industrious enough, honest enough, sagacious enough, to ponder the motive and give a verdict against us. But God knows everything. "Doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it?" Then, God will admit no reason as valid which he has not subjected to the most rigid tests, of prying earnestly into every recess of motive to demonstrate that there is no flaw in the reckoning of the Deity, when he overwhelms the self-apologist, and his unfounded excuses for neglecting his fellow man. No man can argue from the present to the future, and expect to be treated in the next world as he is in this, when God shall render to every man according to his deeds. Every man is now substantially fixing his own recompense, and if God permits him to escape here, there can be no impunity hereafter. I ask you, then, to cherish a right feeling of manly responsibility, to go through life with a right conception of all your responsibilities, and to discharge them all on right principles; and be you sure that the man who honors his manhood and his Maker in this way shall be blessed of both, in this world and also in that which is to come. Amen.

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Orders

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JUNE 25, 1874

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——The hay crop in this county will be somewhat light owing to the want of rain in the spring.

——City drummers, candidates and potato bugs are plenty now. Try Paris green—in some cases a shot gun may answer oc.

——The Riviere House at Lewisburg is the "Riviere" House no longer, having been re-christened the "Cameron House," being now the property of Wm. Cameron, Esq.

——Mr. John Rishel, across the valley, is of the opinion, that to steal corn in the night, right after a rain, is as unwise as to do the same work right after a fresh snow. Some of Mr. Rishel's corn was stolen a few nights ago, and the tracks left in the ground softened by the rain, enabled him to track the fellow to his own door.

——Alfred Hosterman, of near this place, took a fleece of wool weighing 13 pounds, off of a Cotswold sheep, a few days ago.

——The drummers from the city houses are getting almost as numerous as potato bugs. Try Paris-green on 'em. We know a merchant not a thousand miles from Centre Hall, who labels his door "small-pox" when he sees a drummer around.

——Penn Hall is growing and is getting to be quite a pleasant village, and its buildings are all new, neat and handsome.

——All kinds of fireworks, for the 4th of July, are now to be had at Theodore Deschner's, Bellefonte. If you wish to give vent to patriotism, Deschner's is the place for splendid fire-works, in large or small quantities. Rockets, candles, fire-balls, crackers, &c., &c. Opposite Bush's Arcade, and headquarters for guns, pistols, ammunition, fishing tackle, &c.

——Irvin Leech, of Harris township, has assisted at 78 barn raisings, and is still able and ready to assist at scores of the same kind of jobs, and just knows how to go about it. The editor has done some Acorn lifting at some 15 raisings, but has no hopes of catching up with Mr. Leach.

——D. W. Moore, esq., in the Clearfield Republican, denies being a candidate for the state senate.

——The radical candidates are popping up. The following is the list thus far:

For Assembly—Dr. C. W. P. Fisher, of Boalsburg; Robt. Gardner, of Ferguson; R. D. McKinney, of Philipsburg; Dr. L. R. Hensyl, of Howard; A. R. Barlow, of Halfmoon.

For Commissioner—David Parsons, of Huston.

For Dist. Attorney—W. W. Brown.

——Stone ware, a superior lot, and all sizes, just received at Wm. Wolf's.

——The weather is warm and rain seems to be much needed.

——The annual session of the Centre Co. Normal Institute, will commence at Centre Hall, on Tuesday, July 21st.

——Hon. A. G. Curtin will be orator of of the day at Lancaster, on the Fourth of July, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Lancaster county Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. The monument will be placed in the old Centre Square of that ancient city, and the ceremonies will include a grand parade of military companies, posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, and other organizations.

——Rev. Young and family were the recipients of many substantial presents, from citizens of Centre Hall, of various denominations, on last Saturday; donations were plenteous and good, and came from neighbors and friends, who thus manifested their regard and esteem for the faithful pastor of the Evangelical denomination. Rev. Young desires us here, to express his most grateful thanks for the substantial evidences of kindness and good will as shown him by the donation visit on Saturday last.

—— We regret to learn of the death of our young and talented friend, Rev. John P. Mitchell. He died on last Sabbath, at Howard, at the residence of his father Rev. N. J. Mitchell, and was burried on Monday morning last. Mr Mitchell was well known in this, his native county, and highly esteemed. He was an able writer, and had been admitted to the bar of this county, but subsequently took to the Gospel Ministry, and during the last five or six years lived in Maryland, where he had a charge. His funeral was largely attended. He was aged 21 years 1 month and 19 days.

——On Saturday of last week, the citizens of Brush Valley held a pic-nic in a grove about three miles east of Rebersburg, which was largely attended. Having a very fine day, everything went off pleasantly. Fifty-three buggies left Rebersburg in one line, to participate in the festivities.

——Mr. Philip Messinger, keeps a constant supply of Novelty hay-rakes, which he will deliver at any part of the county. Orders by mail, addressed to Centre Hall will be promptly attended to.

On Friday evening, June 19th, Deputy L. Rhone organized a Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry in Half Moon twp., near Stormstown, with the following officers: Master, John A. Hunter; Overseer, I. Beck; Lecturer, A. T. Gray; Stewart, Jackson Thompson; Asst. Steward, Jacob Beck; Treasurer, Isiah Beck; Secretary, Jeremiah Way; Chaplain, Michael Rider; Gate-Keeper, Joseph Rumbarger; Ceres, Miss Sallie Cross; Pomona, Emeline Beck; Flora, Mrs. Ella Gates; Stewardess, Mrs. Mary Rumbarger.

AARONSBURG ITEMS.—J. G. Meyer is selling a good deal of flour, feed and cement at his office in Aaronsburg. The flour manufactured by Meyer & Metz at Pine Creek Mills seems to be of a superior quality, and the cement manufactured by J. G. Meyer can not be excelled for cisterns and water pipes.

Beaver Bro's who moved to town last April have taken charge of Simon Rote's blacksmith shop, and are doing quite a successful business. H. C.

——We copy from the Tuten Republican:

A little daughter of G. W. Miles, of Huston twp., was accidentally drowned a short time since.

A camp-meeting will be held in the woods belonging to ex-Sheriff Waddle, near the old Rock Forge, commencing on Wednesday, August 19th, under the auspices of the M. E. church.

A little son of Mr. Weaver, of Snow Shoe, arose in his sleep about 12 o'clock on Monday night of last week and walked across the room, raised the window and stepped out, falling a distance of over 12 feet. He died shortly after.

ORGANS.—The SMITH, RYNDER and JUBILEE ORGANS, are among the best recommended organs now offered. Any of these excellent instruments can be seen by calling on the Agent, Wm. Etinger, Aaronsburg.

Governor Osburn, of Kansas, yesterday received a telegram from Dodge City asking for arms to defend the citizens of that vicinity against hostile Indians, who are said to be killing people within ten miles of that city.

SUGAR VALLEY ITEMS.

Farming prospects are good, the oats which wise-acres declared would be a failure, is—notwithstanding the extreme cold weather this spring—coming on splendidly; corn and wheat are likewise doing well; clover has long since been in bloom, and take it "all, in all," the crops in this locality have as fine an appearance as any we have seen elsewhere. The only drawback to farmers, is the infernal potato bug, which is making sad havoc with the "Irish biscuit."

Ripe cherries put in an an appearance last week, in some parts of the valley, and indications are that they will be very plenty the coming season.

The *highway-men* are at present grading the hill, on the road leading south from Logansville. The project is a good one and the road when completed will be one of the best in the county—All credit to the borough of Logansville.

The former store of Witmer & Co., Logansville, is now owned by Mr. J. C. Smith, and considering "panicky times," is a perfect success. Mr. Smith is a thorough gentleman, and always does business up to time. He has always a kind word of greeting for his customers.

Mr. T. W. DeLong, who was lately hauling logs on the Lick Run R. R., near Watsontown, in endeavoring to jump on the loaded car, and draw the break, while it was in motion, accidentally missed his foothold, and the next instant the car passed over his left foot, crushing the toes, and otherwise severely injuring it. V. V.

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

The Millheim schools closed on last Saturday, and the teachers pulled out for other employment.

On last Monday night a party of pleasure seeking boys moved the Mammoth picture car out of town greatly to the delight of the inhabitants.

The loan and building association spoken of before is in a flourishing condition, and as soon as the charter can be procured will go into operation.

The supervisors are working on the new road leading from Millheim to the forks of Penns Creek. Work is progressing finely and hands seem to be somewhat plenty.

The Millheim band seems to be somewhat on the decade, their greatest trouble being to procure a teacher. The corresponding committee has sent letters to the four wings of the earth and still no teacher.

On Tuesday of last week Dr. Musser was the unlucky man. He lost his pocket book containing valuable papers to the amount of about five hundred dollars also some change. In the eve his horse run off and smashed his new buggy all to pieces while P. T. escaped very little hurt.

The appeal came off middling fair on last Tuesday not very many appeared which goes to show that they were not hurt as bad as they let on before the appeal.

Some gentleman stole widow Krater's lard at Penns Creek one night last week. It must have been some one that just started house-keeping as he had nothing to take the lard out of the stand with, save his dirty fingers. 10 S. C.

FROM ILLINOIS.

Correspondence of the Reporter.

ORANGEVILLE, ILL., June 12. '74.

MR. EDITOR:—I will give you a little sketch of the west. We had cold and dry weather up to May 1, when it changed to summer, and was hot through May and a little dry; by the 2nd of June we had considerable rain and cold weather with winter like winds. To-day we had heavy storms, exceeding anything for the past five years. Wheat and oats look well, corn is on a stand it being too wet and cold for corn to grow during the last two weeks. The grain market at Freeport is, wheat $1.05, corn 58, oats 40, rye 90, potatoes $1.00. I see from the Reporter that you have the potato bugs; we had them here for about ten years; they will afford you something to contend with. You can tell a little more about them in five years after this. They are very destructive to the potato. M. S.

THE EXEMTION STATUTE.—Among the important laws passed by the Legislature is the one relating to the exemption of property from levy and sale on executions and distress for rent, declaring the waiver thereof by a debtor, except in certain cases, void. We give the bill in full as it passed both Houses. It reads:

Be it enacted, &c., That on and after the fourth day of July next, no waiver except as hereinafter provided, by any debtor, a resident of this Commonwealth, who is the head of a family, of the benefit or right to claim exemption of property from levy and sale upon execution and distress for rent that is now or may hereafter be allowed or exempted by the laws of this Commonwealth, shall be valid, any debtor making such waiver or any agreement therefor or any member of the family of such debtor may claim and demand and shall be entitled to such exemption the same as if no such waiver or agreement therefor had been made; *Provided*; That this act shall not effect or apply to any waiver or agreement therefor made prior to the fourth day of July next, nor shall this act affect or apply to any obligation, agreement or indebtedness entered into or contracted for the purchase of real estate; *and provided further*, that this act shall not effect or apply to any waiver of inquisition or confession of condemnation of real estate made by any defendant as is provided by "An act relating to executions," approved June 16th, Anno Domini 1836."

This act has not yet been signed by the governor, but it is said will be.

——TIME IS MONEY.—We understand that Judge Orvis computes the hourly expense of our court, while in session, at $25 per hour, and fines detaulting jurors and witnesses accordingly. If either of the parties indicated detain the court fifteen minutes, the fine will be $5, and in proportion for any longer time. A similar schedule will be fixed for attorneys, plaintiffs and defendants at the next term, except upon a higher scale. This timely and financial arrangement will, no doubt, result in much good. It will keep all in the court room during the session, and expedite business amazingly if enforced.—*Clearfield Republican.*

——FEARFUL HAIL STORM.—Monday evening of last week a hail storm swept over a portion of this county, which for fierceness and destructiveness has not been equaled for many years. In Trough Creek Valley it seems to have been the most destructive There hail stones—or rather boulders—seven inches in circumference, fell amid driving wind, which caused the hail to break windows, and even penetrate ordinary shingle roofs, destroying fruit trees and grain fields and in at least one instance kill animals. By the time it had reached McConnelstown and Grafton much of its fury was spent yet there was sufficient force left to smash windows innumerable and destroy much of the growing grain and fruit. At McConnelstown, so thickly was the ground strewn with the hail that a family living near that place gathered a tub full of it and froze ice cream with it. We hear of a number of trees being torn up by the roots, but the greatest injury was done to the fruit and growing grain. Many farmers have suffered so severely that their crops will not be worth gathering. The storm appeared to be about one mile wide and passed over the south western corner of the county.—*Huntingdon Monitor, 16th.*

Elephants are dying out in India.

Law is a good thing if you get enough of it.

England imp orts her horses from Ireland.

THE LANG KING MASSACRES.

Terrible Slaughter of Chinese Christians—Hunting down with Hounds Those Seeking Refuge in the Woods—An Awful Story from a French Paper.

The French periodical, Missions Catholiques, gives us the first authentic and detailed narrative of the recent massacre of Roman Catholic native converts in China, to which we have already briefly alluded. The account, as translated for the London Tablet, relates that the massacre broke out on the 25th of February, when the "literates," as the persecuting party is called, opened the campaign by beheading two men in the service of Pere Doare and a Christian, whom they then threw into the river. The same day they burned the three villages of Trun-Lam, Nio-Vinh, and Bau Tach, and massacred the inhabitants that were in them. Those who succeeded in escaping to the woods were hunted down with hounds, brought back and killed on the following days. The river was covered over with bodies floating down it from the side of Lareg. At that time the murderers were massacreing the Christians of the parish of Holven, and were burning their villages. Those who took refuge in the cliffs of the neighborhood were hunted down and burnt alive. The grand mandarin of justice was at the market of Sa-Nam with 800 soldiers, but remained an inactive spectator of the massacre of the Christians of Nam-Duong, only a few of whom were able to escape. * * * * The literates who were the heads of the militia appointed to massacre the Christians, say that

The Work of Extermination

carried out under the eyes of the mandarins, was concerted between the court and the literates, and was done in reprisal for recent events. The mandarins have just received orders from the court not to employ any other means save those of persuasion to stop the murderers in their career. One of the chiefs who had just caused two Christians to be murdered on the high road went on the parade before the Governor of the citadel, by whom he was dismissed with honor. On his return twenty women or children fell under the swords of this man and his followers. He had just come from offering sacrifice to the Goddess of Prostitution, to whom a famous temple that stands near the road is dedicated.

The Horrible Mode of Murder.

In several localities they take an entire family—father, mother, and children—bind them together with bamboos, and then fling the bundle of living humanity into the waves. First, however, they take care to cut off the man's head. The multitude of dead bodies thus fastened together in groups of from eight to ten blocks up the principal river, but to the great surprise of everybody does not send forth any bad smell. There are then five parishes, containing nearly 10,000 Christians, which have to be blotted out of the mission—namely, Lang, Thank-Huven, Nam-Duong, Hoy-Yen, and Doreg-Thank. Many of the victims died in the midst of flames. A village of more than 400 Christians was attacked by the literates and soon became a prey to the flames. Amongst these 400 Christians there were 120, more or less, who succeeded in saving themselves by taking refuge in a large village near by. The remainder—about 300—were nearly all massacred.

Two Small Villages of Christians,

situated two hours' walk from the place at which I then was, were hemmed in by the pagans. The mayor visited each house, numbered the Christians, and forbade them, under threat of most severe punishment to go out of doors. A few of the Christian women attempted to go to the market to keep themselves from starving. They never returned. Some pagan women that went with them say that the Christian women were captured and beheaded. Two men from one of these same villages hazarded a flight during the night, they crossed the great river by swimming, and came to me to tell their misfortunes. "Alas!" writes Archbishop Gauthier, from whose letters this information is chiefly derived, "I could do nothing but weep with them, being unable to do anything to succor them. Two or three days afterwards I learned that all the men in that village had had

Their Heads Cut Off,

but the women and children were spared. And as their houses were intermingled with those of the pagans, it was forbidden to burn them down."

THE ACT DISPENSING WITH JURY TRIALS.—The following act, passsed by the recent Legislature, has been approved by the Governor and is now a law:

AN ACT to provide for the submission of civil cases to the decision of the courts, and to dispense with trial by jury.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That in any civil case now pending in any of the courts of this Commonwealth, or hereafter to be commenced, after issue joined, the parties thereto, excepting those acting in a fiduciary capacity, may by agreement filed in the proper office where such suit is pending, dispense with trial by jury, and submit the decision of such cases to the courts having jurisdiction thereof, and such courts shall hear and determine the same, and the judgement thereon shall be subject to writ of error or of appeal as in other cases at law or in equity, at the option of either party.

SEC. 2. The decision of the court shall be in writing, stating separately and distinctly the facts found, the answers to any points submitted in writing by counsel and the conclusions of law, and shall be filed in the office of the prothonotary or clerk of the proper court where the case is pending as early as practicable, not exceeding sixty days after such decision shall have been made from the termination of the trial and notice thereof shall be forthwith given by the prothonotary or clerk to the parties or their attorneys, and if no exceptions thereto are filed in the proper office within thirty days after service of such notice, judgement shall be entered thereon by the prothonontary or clerk; if exceptions to the finding of facts or conclusions of law to be filed within said thirty days, the court or the judge thereof who tried the case in vacation may, upon argument, order judgement to be entered according to the decision previously filed, or make such modifications thereof as in justice and right shall seem proper, subject always, nevertheless, to review by writ of error or appeal to be taken in the time and manner and with the effect prescribed by law.

SEC. 3. Every such case taken to the Supreme Court upon writ of error shall be heard and determined therein as writs of error are therein heard and determined, and every such case taken to the Supreme Court by appeal shall be heard and determined therein as cases of appeal in equity proceedings, and in case a new trial is ordered it shall be proceeded with before the same court in the same manner as hereinbefore provided for.

SEC. 4. An agreement to submit under this act shall be a waiver of the right of trial by jury.

SEC. 5. Cases submitted under the provisions of this act shall be subject to existing law as to costs, except no jury fee shall be required on entering judgement.

THE POPE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Rome, June 18.—At a reception of the cardinals by the Pope on Tuesday, His Holiness mentioned that proposals had been received emanating from exalted political personages looking to reconciliation between the Papacy and the Italian Government. He declared, however, that he would yield nothing; that any concession on his part would be injurious to the Church and society.

CALIFORNIA'S BENEFACTOR.

The Man who Gave $2,000,000 to the People.

[From the Alta California. June 4.]

James Lick yesterday gave nearly all his property, supposed to amount to about two million dollars, to public educational, charitable and ornamental purposes. It is one of the greatest gifts for the public benefit on record, and we believe it will be a source of benefit and enjoyment to a greater number of persons than any similar benefaction on record, unless it be that of George Peabody. Girard college and the Astor library are small affairs, as compared with the institutions which Mr. Lick's liberality will found or endow with new life. The following is a list of his donations:

Observatory, summit of the Sierra	$700,000
School of the mechanic arts, California	300,000
Bronze statuary, Sacramento	250,000
Key monument, San Francisco	150,000
Baths, San Francisco	150,000
Old ladies' home, San Francisco	100,000
Ladies' protection and relief society, San Francisco	25,000
Protestant orphan asylum, San Francisco	25,000
Orphan asylum, San Jose	25,000
Mechanics' library, San Francisco	10,000
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, San Francisco	10,000
To academy of science and Pioneer society, San Francisco, residue of estate—perhaps	255,000
Total	$2,000,000

The gifts are to be gold coin, and to secure their payment Mr. Lick conveys to T. H. Selby, D. O. Mills, H. M. Newhall, Wm. Alvord, G. H. Howard, James Otis and J. O. Earl, all his real estate, consisting of fifty lots in this city, three lots in San Jose, his homestead near San Jose of 130 acres, 150 acres near Alviso, a tract in Placer county, and 1 Cataline Island, about 50,000 acres, off the coast of Los Angeles. The trustees are to erect a few monuments over the graves of some of Mr. Lick's relatives, pay certain sums to his relatives and friends, and to him $25,000 annually, if he should want so much. He is old and in ill health, and does not expect to get much from his annuity. The deed has been accepted by the trustees, who have all signed it, and having been placed on record it has become a finality, and so far as we can see, is in no danger of being rendered invalid by litigation or other obstacle.

Mr. Lick's Career.

James Lick has been among the most noteworthy of all our earlier pioneers! Naturally modest and reticent to the last degree, nearly all the acts of his eventful life have remained unnoticed until recently. We first find him in the interior of Pennsylvania, a young married man, quietly pursuing a course of operations, evincing great enterprize in their planning, untiring energy in their executions and promising great advantages in their results. We next find him in the pampas of Brazil and Buenos Ayres, with his thousands of horses and cattle, in the capacity of a great proprietor, from whom the governments of those countries derived their supplies for the cavalry and their commissariat. Again, we find him on the other side of the continent, operating in the commercial metropolis of Chili and Peru; everywhere, and at all times, so quiet and so unobtrusive that none save those with whom he had transactions in business and those who observed the external improvements wrought by his enterprise would be aware of his existence. His mode in all departments of life has never been in a rut, but *sui generis*. In Valparaiso he was not only doing new things, but doing them in his own way. And strange as it may seem in such a quiet man, he was always reaching into enterprises in advance of others, "taking time by the forelock." When the news of the gold discovery in California reached Valparaiso, he was in business that would have taken an ordinary man a series of months, at least, to so close up that he could leave it with any sort of consistency; yet he put doubloons enough in his trunk to make $20,000, besides the expenses of the trip, entrusted his business to a confidential friend, and stepped on board the first vessel leaving his place for San Francisco. Arriving here he found exactly what his sagacious mind had predicted from the moment that the golden news had reached him, viz.: a splendid opportunity to invest in real estate. He scanned the situation, foresaw the growth of the town, selected his "corner lots" with great good judgment, and invested his money. The property he purchased with $20,000 is perhaps to-day worth many millions. In the first few years he built sparingly and with great care; afterward, liberally and magnificently. In 1853, John Weller, United States Senator from California, said in his place: "I would not give six bits for all the agricultural lands in California." At this very time Mr. Lick was preparing the foundations for a flouring mill in Santa Clara county, which, with its massive foundations, fine burr stones, and interior finishings of solid mahogany, had, before it was completed, cost half a million of dollars. This done, he took fifty acres of adjoining lands, reduced its surface to a spirit level and set by the square and compass, with his own hands, the whole with the choicest varieties of pear trees. These operations, and numerous others, proved very remunerative. He subsequently erected the magnificent hotel in this city which bears his name. Recently his acts have placed him in the front rank of philanthropists of this or any country. He gave to the society of California pioneers the lot on Montgomery street, on which Pioneer hall stands. (His latest noble gifts are detailed above).

Mr. Lick has been for many months in poor health, but has devoted all his attention to the arrangement of plans for the disposal of his wealth in a manner to secure the greatest amount of good to the coming generations of his fellow men.

PIO NINO RENEWS HIS PROTESTS.

Rome, June 19.—The text of the address delivered by the Pope to the Cardinals on Tuesday last is published. The Pope renews his protests against the usurpation of the Papal States, the abolition of religious corporations, and other acts of the Italian government, so that the enemies of the Church may not be able to plead justification of undisputed custom. He is also moved to allude to those subjects again because he recently received overtures of reconciliation, and had in his possession a respectful letter, urging that, as Vicar of the God of Peace, he should pardon his enemies, and withdraw excommunication pronounced against them. But he declares he cannot make peace with the enemies of the Church, and in conclusion exhorts the cardinals to imitate the conduct of foreign bishops, especially those of Germany and Brazil.

The American prilgrims who went to Venice have lef that city for Bavaria.

ANOTHER CARLIST DEFEAT.

London, June 18.—The Times has a special despatch from Madrid reporting that an engagement has taken place at Alcora between a body of Carlists under Prince Alfonso, brother of Don Carlos, and a force of republicans, in which the former were defeated. The loss of the Government troops was ten killed and eighty-five wounded. The number of casualties on the side of the insurgents was much larger. Among the killed was Don Enrique, son of Henry of Bourbon, who fell at the head of a body of Carlist zouaves.

The Times despatch also says that Marshal Concha, commanding the Army of the North, expected to open the attack upon Estella to-day.

MASSING THE FORCES IN SPAIN

Madrid, June 19.—Latest advices from the scene of war in the North state that the Carlists are certainly concentrating at Monte Jurea, near Estilla. They have cleaned the country of provisions, crops, and vehicles. Concha's force numbers 38,000 men. He also has 87 guns. The weather is beautiful. There is some dissatisfaction because an attack upon the insurgents has not been made. Quite a number of Concha's men are suffering from dysentery, which the surgeons attribute to the raw onions which have constituted the principal portion of their food. The available strength of the Republican army is 120,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, not including 43,000 reserves.

Madrid, June 19.—General Concha is continually receiving reinforcements. Palacios, with 10,000 men, is marching against Cantavieja, the Carlist headquarters in Arragon.

SCENES AT THE DOG POUND.

The poundmaster threw open the doors of the dog-pound again yesterday to receive such stray dogs as where unlucky enough to fall into the hands of the philistine dog-catchers. The ventilation of the dog-pen was so miserable that the doors at the entrance were replaced by a grate. From behind these bars on the street a motley and never-varying group of the residents of the neighborhood peered on the animated scene within. Before the pound opened the captors with their captives, the result of midnight and daylight raids, ranged themselves along the street. The appearance of the dogs put up for execution yesterday showed a slight improvement over those brought in some days ago. Among the number were two good watch dogs, a coach dog, nicely spotted, two fox dogs, and two rat terriers. Within two hours after opening yesterday morning 115 animals were received, and the poundmaster then closed his cash drawer and received no more. Shortly afterwards a lady entered the pound and declared that she had come for her dog that had been stolen. She found it among the vagrants, and with an exclamation of joy she repeatedly kissed a big and shaggy looking Newfoundland dog, who turned lazily over with a wondering look. The lady [then fainted, and the poundmaster, with a supply of water, revived her, and after paying the dog tax she took her pet home. In the afternoon a gentleman came to the pound and in fiery language declared that his dog, although muzzled, had been stolen. His dog, however, was not among the captured. A short, stout lady next entered. She hadn't lost a dog, she said. She only came to tell the poundmaster that the ladies were organizing to burn his building. Several of them, she said, already gone to Mr. Bergh, and he advised them to go and see the Mayor, which they were doing that very day. Just then the dogs began to howl, and while the poundmaster informed her he had nothing to do with it and that the Mayor was the proper person to see the policeman in attendance politely escorted her to the sidewalk. To-day a few mere dogs will be received, and this afternoon the second batch of dogs will be asphyxiated—*N. Y. World, 16th.*

TERRIBLE MARINE DISASTER—320 LIVES LOST.

Constantinople, June 20.—Intelligence has reached here of a terrible disaster in the Sea of Marmora. The Turkish vessel Kars, en route for Salonica, was run into yesterday by an Egyptian vessel named the Behera, and sunk in a few minutes. The Kars had 340 persons on board, including passengers and crew, and of this number 320 were drowned.

ONE HUNDRED FISHING BOATS WRECKED.

Quebec, June 20.—Telegrams from Gaspe state that the weather there is foggy, rainy and cold. A gale from the east has been prevailing since yesterday morning. One hundred fishing boats were destroyed at Gaspe; loss about $12,000.

LORD YARBOROUGH FOUND.

London, June 18.—The whereabouts of the missing Earl of Yarborough has been discovered. He has been badly ill in the Island of Jersey, and left there to-day for London in charge of a number off riends and the police.

The mountains of Georgia are steaming with illicit stills.

In Brooke county, Va., wool rules at 40 to 45 cts. a pound.

Elm hubs are the best for light carriage wheels.

Caleb Cushing, it is said, does not like Madrid.

Some of the down East carriage-makers use frozen glue in summer.

Green corn has reached Montgomery, Ala., and is moving hither.

The Erie bar will give a banquet to Judge L. D. Netmore soon.

How Andy Johnson must chuckle over he existing financial tangle.

The bronze statue of General Israel Putnam was unveiled in the park at Hartford Conn., yesterday after-noon, with appropriate ceremonies and an imposing military display.

Have We Two Brains?
Dr. C. E. Brown-Sequad.
Is Alcohol A Poison?
Dr. Wm. A. Hammond.
The Poet Longfellow.
James T. Fields.
U. S. Survey of the West.
(With Map.) Under Lieut. G. M. Wheeler.
The Horse in America.
(Illustrated.) Discoveries by Prof O. C. Marsh.
Safety at Sea.
(Illustrated.) Iron Steamers That Will Not Sink.

These interesting Lectures and Letters, with a careful report of the important Papers read at the April meeting of the National Academy of Science at Washington, and at the May meeting of the American Oriental Society at Boston, are published in full in THE TRIBUNE EXTRA, No. 19. Price in sheet form, 10 cents; in pamphlet, 20 cents, or seven for $1.

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PHILADELPHIA MARKET

Philadelphia, June 20.—There is some improvement to report in the flour market, but the inquiry is mostly for choice Minnesotas, which are scarce, and command full prices. Only 700 barrels sold, including spring wheat extra families, at $5@7.62½; Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana do. do. at $6 75@7.62. and fancy brands at $8@9.25. Rye flour commands $4.62@4.75. No sales of corn meal.

The wheat market is dull and prices favor buyers. Sales of red at $1.40@1.45, and 3,000 bashels choice Pennsylvania amber at $1.58@1.60. Rye is quoted at 95c. Corn comes in slowly, but there is not much inquiry; sales of yellow at 79@80c and western mixed at 79@80c. Oats are selling at 61@63c for western white and 58@60c for mixed. In barley and malt no sales.

Assembly.

We are authorized to announce that S. S. Wolf, of Centre Hall, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Dr. Peter Smith, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

ESTRAYS.—Two head of young cattle, the one a steer, the other a heifer, came to the premises of the undersigned on 18 inst. They are about 2 years old; the one is red and the other is a light-red color. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and remove the same.
jn 25-3t. MARTIN HOGAN.

On a Duffied, Va., farm; is a white oak nearly 9 feet in diameter.

Rochefort was recognized in Dublin and hissed by the crowd.

Gov. Dix of New York has vetoed the bill making Decoration Day a public holiday on the ground that it is frivolous legislation.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 30 Red 125 ... Rye..... 80..... Corn 80 ..... Oats 55..... Barley 80. 70..... Clover seed 4,50 ..... Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8..... Pork per pound 06 Butter 20..... Eggs 15..... Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8..... Bacon 10..... Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents..... Buckwheat 65 cts..... Flour per barrel retail 8,50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1,30.... Red wheat 125 .... Rye 60..... Corn 50..... Oats 35..... Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00..... Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 25 per sack,..... Bacon 7c..... Ham 15..... Butter 20... Eggs 20..... Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75..... Stove Coal per Ton $6.50..... Egg Coal per Ton $6.50..... Limeburner's Coal per Ton $3.50

DEATHS.

On 6th inst., in Illinois, Jonathan Brumgard, aged 26 years, 1 month and 8 days. The deceased was formerly from Sugar Valley.

On 19 inst., in Centre Hall, Michael Krumbine, aged 61 years, 1 month and 11 days.

MARRIAGES.

On 21st inst., by the Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Calvin Rossman, and Miss Tillie Stump, both from Churchville.

On 16 inst., by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. J. B. Susman, of Pine Grove, and Miss Sarah Ripky of Agricultural College.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—Receipts and expenditures of Potter School District for the year ending June 1st, 1874

J C Boal, Treas'r in account

Gross am't of tax duplicate for school and other purposes		$5894 33
Bal on Phil. Durst note	$ 11 06	
John Bitner due bill	32 32	
Wm Stump order	63 21	
Cash from successor	250 09	
" John Farmer col '71	7 00	
State appropriation for 1873	458 00	
Cash from D. F. Luse col 1872	451 00	
Am't received from Benner twp. tuition	20 52	
Am't tax received with abatement	3351 21	
Am't receiv'd from Potter twp Grange, room rent	9 00	
Bal duplicate (less tax received)	2043 12	
Total Receipts	$6656 53	

EXPENDITURES.

Paid teachers' salary	$ 3370 00
" S. S. Farner for new school house, Centre Hall	3929 87
" B & S S R R & Co for coal	38 77
" Hauling Same	43 56
" Shortlidge & Co. for coal for Centre Hall schools	61 14
" Hauling same	27 03
" for wood furnished at 9 school houses	135 00
" for kindling wood	21 80
" Wm Wolf school room rent	40 00
" Henry Royer lease of school lot	1 50
" Van Felt & Co for stove and repairing stoves	30 65
" J A Ressman for spouting, stove pipe, &c	34 31
" for repairing school houses	13 87
" for brooms, buckets, cups, glass, coal hods, &c	25 24
" S M Swartz, for filling duplicate	5 00
" Fred Kurtz for adv.	16 00
" W C Farner for building privy at Manor & repairing school houses	45 56
" Strohm & Swartz for material and fencing school yard at Church ville	18 88
" discount on money for the use of Potter school Board	12 33
" Salary, stationary, & postage, to Sec'y	31 00
Contingencies	27 83
Due J C Boal for money over paid	49 13
5 per cent. abatement on $3351 21	167 56
Commission of Treasurer 2 per cent on $6252.02	125 04
" unsettled bills of last year	137 89
Total Expenditures and obligations of the district	$7507.96
Indebtedness	851 43
Am't due on unsettled bills	946 96
" of unsettled note in Treasury	95 53
Liabilities in excess of Treas's resources	$851 43
Am't due districts from outstanding taxes	36 43
" tuition due from other districts	111 08
Total resources	147 51
Liabilities in excess of all resources	703 92

PETER HOFFER, Sec'y.
W. W. ROYER, Pres't.

We the undersigned Auditors have examined the above accounts, and find them to be correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

JAS. McCLINTIC,
J. M. GILLILAND,
J. J. ARNEY,
Auditors.
WM. SPANGLER, Clerk.
jn25

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be exposed to Public Sale, at the late residence of Wm. Gentzel, dec'd, in Gregg twp., on WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. 1 Horse, 3 Cows, 1 Heifer, 8 Hogs, 1 2-Horse Wagon, 1 2 Horse Spring wagon, 1 Top Buggy, 1 2-Horse Sled, 1 Sleigh, 2 Logsleds, 1 set Tug Harness, Single Harness, Forks, Chairs, and other farming utensils. Also Beds, Bedsteads, Corner Cupboards, 1 Cooking Stove, 1 Ten-plate Stove, Tables, Chairs, Dishes, Tubs, Meat Vessels. Also about 3000 feet of Popiar, Linn, Oak and Spruce Lumber

GEORGE GENTZEL,
HENRY GENTZEL,
my18 Adm'rs.

IN the Orphans' Court of Centre county. The matter of the estate of Wm. Eckart, dec'd. The undersigned an auditor appointed by the said Orphans' Court to make distribution of the money in the hands of the administrator to and among those legally entitled thereto and make report thereof at next court, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Tuesday, 30th day of June, 1874, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where all parties having claims will present them before the Auditor or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund D. F. FORTNEY,
my28-3t Auditor.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will hear appeals from assessments of 1874 for the different townships and boroughs in said county, on the following days, at the places for holding elections in townships and boroughs, to wit:

Patton twp Tuesday, June 16.
Half Moon twp Wednesday June 17.
Ferguson twp Thursday, June 18.
Harris twp Friday, June 19.
Potter twp Saturday, June 20.
Gregg twp Monday, June 22
Penn twp Tuesday June 23.
Haines twp Wednesday June 24.
Miles twp Thursday, June 25.
Walker twp Friday, June 26.
Marion twp Monday, June 29
Liberty twp Tuesday, June 30
Curtin twp Wednesday, July 1.
Howard twp and boro' Thursday July 2
Boggs twp Friday, July 3
Milesburg boro' Monday, July 6.
Unionville and Union twp Tuesday July 7th.
Huston twp Wednesday, July 8.
Worth twp Thursday, July 9.
Taylor twp Friday, July 10
Spring twp Saturday, July 11
Snow Shoe twp Tuesday, July 14
Burnside twp Wednesday, July 15
Philipsburg and Rush twp Friday July 17th.
Bellefonte boro' Monday and Tuesday, July 20 and 21st.
Benner twp Wednesday July 22.

By order of the Board of Commissioners.
jn4-6t. R. H. FORSTER, Clerk.

Royal gissip says that Eugenie and Victoria keep up a regular correspondence, and tell each other all the news that is circulating.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Wm. Gentzel, of Gregg twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

GEORGE GENTZEL,
HENRY GENTZEL.
June 18. 6t. Admr's.

KINKEL'S NEW METHOD FOR THE REED ORGAN. We would call the attention of Teachers and Amateurs to Kinkel's New Method for the Reed Organ and Melodeon, as being the best work for these Instruments. This work is p

Farm, Garden and Household.

Practical Hints.

Put in all the crops you can take good care of. They are likely to be wanted.

Corn planted by hand may be soaked in warm, soft water for twenty-four to thirty-six hours. If the land is moist, mellow, and warm, it will soon germinate and grow rapidly.

Corn for fodder may be sown any time this month. You must have rich, dry, clean, and mellow land. If it can be avoided, never sow broadcast. Drill or drop in rows 2½ to 3 feet apart, so that you can use a horse hoe to clean and mellow the land. Use plenty of seed, say from six to eight kernels to each foot in the row.

Harrowing is rarely done as thoroughly as it should be. It is very important to make a fine, mellow seed-bed.

Rolling is also too much neglected. Roll and then harrow and then roll again until you have four or five inches of fine surface soil. Such a soil will attract and retain moisture.

Swedes turnips or rutabagas should be sown about the middle of the month or before. The soil should be made as fine and mellow as possible. Drill in rows 2½ feet apart, using two to three pounds of seed per acre. The object of such thick seeding is to give some of the plants a chance to get ahead of the so-called turnip-fly or beetle. If possible, drill in with the seed two or three hundred pounds of superphosphate per acre, mixed with three or four times its bulk of sifted coal ashes, Thin out the plants when in the rough leaf to a foot apart in the rows. Do not neglect to roll the land immediately after it is sowed.

Mangel-wurzel or beets should now be ready to hoe. Thin out to fifteen inches apart. If it is necessary to transplant, be careful to dig up the plants with the hoe, and not pull them up out of the hard earth and thus strip off the soil and fine roots. In hoeing, do not cut too deep. In hoeing turnips, it will not hurt the plants to take away nearly all the soil from their roots; but this is not the case with mangels. The less the soil around the roots of the young plants is disturbed the better. Cultivate every week or ten days. You should have a narrow tooth horse hoe, so as not to throw the earth on to the young plants.

Fight the weeds as you would fight a fire. Do not let them get beyond your control. Kill them while in the seed-leaf. On loose, mellow soil, a fine harrow, if used just as the weeds are breaking through the soil, will kill them by the million; but if delayed a few days in warm, growing weather it will have comparatively little effect.

Start the cultivator the moment you can see the rows of corn, or potatoes, or mangels. The outside teeth of the cultivator should be bright, sharp, and as thin as possible consistent with the necessary strength, and they should be set so as to throw the earth towards the center of the row. With a good cultivator the soil may be stirred within an inch of the plants, and leave little necessity for hand hoeing. — *Agriculturist.*

Canned Fruit.

It is time now to lay in a supply of jars so as to be ready for strawberries and fruits in their succession. We have tried, says an exchange, every variety of can, and have settled down on the glass can with rubber band, glass top, and screw ring, as the simplest and safest. It is easily closed, and opened as easily. Those who buy by the gross at factory will save very considerably in price. Two or three families might club together, if a gross is too much for one. We have found the two-quart cans better for our family than the one-quart, as they afford, at half the trouble of sealing and unsealing, a generous portion to all the members, whereas the one-quart cans give only an aggravating taste and make the children cry, like Oliver Twist, for more. We are not likely any of us to put up too much canned fruit. If we should, the poor are always with us and will be glad to help us empty our jars so that they be filled afresh. Moreover, the coming season is likely, since we had so little fruit last year, to be abundant in apples and peaches and all the delicious berries and pomaceous fruits, and we may lay up in store a supply for two years as well as for one.

Bruising Horses.

The following sensible advice is from the *New England Farmer:* "A man who will habitually take a horse through a narrow door knows very little of what a horse remembers, or what is fair treatment to the animal. One single blow on the hip against the sharp corner of a doorway is sometimes sufficient to ruin a valuable horse. But when that blow has been several times repeated the horse becomes valueless, because he has become a highly dangerous animal. We have seen a horse whose hips were never healed after striking two or three times in passing through a narrow way. Another dangerous practice is the leading of horses out of the barn door, by the sides of loads of hay, grain, etc. A slight blow upon the hip will sometimes so excite a high spirited horse that the person leading loses control over him, and he escapes upon a jump, banging his shoulders and hips as he proceeds, leaving patches of skin and hair as evidence that he has got through. Many a valuable horse has been ruined in this way, and many a valuable one can be saved by never leading him through a narrow space."

Cleaning Painted Surfaces Unvarnished.

Put upon a plate some of the best whiting; have ready some clean water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, and apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Painted articles thus cleaned look equal to new, and without doing the least injury to the most delicate color. It will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap, and does not require more than half the time occupied in cleaning.

Farm Hands.

One great peculiarity of Arkansas, says a correspondent, is the way in which farm hands are paid. Instead of being fed and allowed so much a month as wages, they are given a share of the profit derived from the land they cultivate. The landlord or planter furnishes land, houses, teams, and tools; while the laborer gives all his time and supplies his own food. When the crop is harvested and ready for market, it is divided between the proprietor and servants. In this way an industrious and economical farm-hand, with a wife and three or four children, estimating that the family will assist at the lighter work during the busy season, can cultivate about fifteen acres of cotton and five acres of corn, the product of which can be sold in average seasons for about $1,250. Of this sum, according to the share system, the laborer receives about $400, and the master the balance. In addition to the money thus earned, the hand is allowed a small garden of his own, and in the prairie districts "a range," on which to feed his cows and hogs. The mules and oxen are the only stock that are stall-fed during the working season.

Courage.

A curious accident occurred lately to the driver of a train on the Langnau line to Switzerland. Supposing that there was something the matter with the engine and not wishing to stop the train, he reached out to see what was the matter, and in doing so his head came in contact with a post which knocked him off his engine, producing a wound reaching from the side of the forehead to the back part of the ear and exposing the brain. Although so severely wounded he leaped on the train, fearing that his assistant would not be able to guide it safely to Berne. He may recover.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The New Hampshire Legislature elected James A. Weston Governor by a majority of thirty-one.....Mrs. Dwyer, who murdered her three children in Brooklyn, was visited at the police station by the physician of the Eastern District Dispensary, who gave a written opinion that the woman is insane.....Mr. Tice, a Brooklyn jeweler, identified a New York policeman as one who robbed his store of $4,000 worth of diamonds nine years ago.....It is probable that the prosecution of ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, for bribery will be abandoned.....The American and English Catholics in Rome proposed to give a public reception to the American pilgrims on their arrival, and to make other demonstrations of sympathy; but the Pope deprecated such a display, as it might cause a disturbance.....The crew of the ship Neptune mutinied when the vessel was leaving her dock at Liverpool. After a general fight, in which knives and marlin-spikes were freely used, 15 of the mutineers were arrested and removed to the shore. Several persons were wounded.....Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., LL. D., Rector of Trinity Parish, N. Y., and son of his Excellency Gov. John A. Dix, was married to Miss Emily Wolsey Soutter, daughter of the late James T. Soutter, banker. The marriage ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Dr. Potter.....The De Soto Bank, of Memphis, has retired from business in consequence of the expiration of the charter, the attorney of the bank having made a mistake in drafting the bill for the renewal of the charter, and also made the bill passed for its relief void.

A thunder shower passed over the towns of Harmony, Cambridge, and Ripley, Me., doing damage to the amount of $25,000 to farms and buildings.....H. Ray's pony trotted before a sulky, on the Watford, Ont., Course, eighty-one miles in 11 hours and 20 minutes, in one continuous straight heat.....Grasshoppers are hatching at Lake Shetek, Minn., very fast, and are eating the wheat. The farmers are very much frightened for fear that the grasshoppers will take everything.....In the United States District Court in Boston, Judge Lowell decided against the petition that the Union Pacific Railroad be required to appear and show cause why it should not be adjudged bankrupt.... Acting Gov. Talbot, of Massachusetts, has vetoed the bill to abolish the State constabulary. ...A special dispatch from Vienna to the London *Standard* reports extensive inundations in the province of Barnat and elsewhere in Hungary. Many villages have been swept away .....A congress, to consider the subject of international rights in time of war, will convene in Brussels on the 27th of July.....The U. S. Senate Committee on Appropriations propose as their only amendment to the Pension Appropriation bill that the pension agents' fee of thirty cents be reduced to twenty-five cents instead of twenty cents, as provided by the House.....In Van Ettenville, in Chemung county, a child 11 years of age, named Whitney, while looking about her father's grist mill, was caught by a horizontal shaft, which was moving with great rapidity, and was torn to pieces before the machinery could be stopped. The mother in attempting to save her child, was severely injured but it is hoped she will recover.....William Boorne, aged 15, who was indicted at the last Court of Oyer and Terminer in Little Valley, N. Y., for the murder of his stepfather, Caleb Omans, by chopping him to pieces with an ax at Steamburg, in January last, withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree. Judge Barker sentenced Boorne to imprisonment at Auburn Prison for life. The murder was committed while both parties were intoxicated. Boorne received his sentence with the utmost indifference.

The United States Attorney-General has decided that the time at which the importation of goods is accomplished is not when they are entered for consumption but when they are brought into a port of the United States with the intent to be there discharged, and that an act of Congress increasing in general terms duties upon importations does not apply to goods then in warehouses....A dispatch from St. Raymond, Canada, says that five men in the employ of Mr. Hall were drowned while endeavoring to run two rafts down the rapids of the St. Anne river.....A two-thirds interest in a silver mine in Utah was sold in Salt Lake City for $400,000 and the money paid over.....Chicago has had a $400,000 fire.....The Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, organized in 1870, by the M. E. Church South, has about 75,000 members and 49,955 Sunday school scholars. It has a rule, intended to prevent the church from being used for political ends, providing that no house of worship shall be let for political speeches and assemblies.....The provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edwards' Island meditate a legislative union. It is believed that one Legislature can easily and cheaply do the work which now occupies the time of three .....Judge Trigg, of Tennessee, has decided that insanity is a bar to bankruptcy. Alonzo Murphy was declared bankrupt two years ago on creditors' petition, in default of an answer. His estate being in the hands of an assignee, he came in with a petition to the United States District Court setting forth that he was insane at the time he contracted the debts, and at the time of the institution of the proceedings in bankruptcy. His insanity being established, Judge Triggs directed that Murphy's property be restored to him.....The winter in Nevada has been fearful. Many graziers have lost all the cattle they possessed, and nearly all have lost a large per centage of their stock. In Honey Lake valley hay sold for $60 per ton, and at one time for $130. Cattle are still dying there, and a person while riding through the valley is hardly ever out of sight of their carcasses.

The dam of the wheel works in Colchester, Conn., broke away, carrying with it a building used as a spoke mill, and two bridges. One hundred feet of the most substantial part of the dam, which had been built twenty years, and was considered perfectly safe, were carried off.....The refractory Bowdoin College students have decided to return and renew their matriculation pledge, looking upon the ultimatum of the Faculty as a compromise. There is little doubt that the military drill will be abolished at the end of the current collegiate year.....Bernard Cropp, of German parentage, put an end to his life in New York by hanging himself. Cropp was temperate until about six months ago, when his mother died in Germany and left him heir to several thousand dollars. Then he began to drink heavily.....The Chicago *Times* publishes crop reports from various points throughout the States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Missouri, Minnesota and Kansas, from which it appears that on an average the acreage of wheat sown is much in excess of that of last year, and that the yield promises to be quite up to the average; and in corn, oats and barley, fully up to the average. The average amount of land has been seeded, and the crops will be large. Fruits of all descriptions never looked better .....A painter named McCulloch, while at work on one of the bridges on Three Sisters Island, Niagara Falls, fell into the rapids, and was being swiftly borne by the current to the edge of the falls, when he caught on a rock one hundred feet only from the frightful abyss and hung there. Thomas Conroy tied a rope to his body, and making his way to the rock, rescued McCulloch from his perilous position.....A gravel train on the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad ran off the track into a ditch near Trantman's Station, instantly killing the conductor, engineer, and fireman .....A Spanish frigate has arrived at Oran Algiers, to take to Spain the convicts who escaped from Cartagena at the time of the suppression of the Intransigente insurrection.

A Singular Chicken.

C. H. Murray, of Louisville, Ill., writes to the *Scientific American* as follows: A few days since there was hatched under one of my hens a double bodied chicken, having but one head. The bodies were perfectly developed up to the point where the vertebræ of the neck began. There was but one breast bone, which ramified towards each body. There were two complete back bones, four perfect feet, and four wings. Unfortunately this curiosity was accidentally killed. A dissection showed but one heart, one liver, and one gizzard. There was but one bowel leading from the gizzard. This extended about one inch from the gizzard and there ramified, giving the two bodies each a full set of bowels. The specimen is now preserved in spirits in one of our physician's offices.

THE HERO OF THE FALLS.

Terrible Experience of William McCullough and His Extraordinary Rescue—Thomas Conroy, the Hero of Niagara Fall

The telegraph has already informed us of the narrow escape from death of William McCullough, who fell from a bridge and was only saved from going over Niagara Falls by clinging to a rock until rescued by a guide named Thomas Conroy. The Buffalo *Courier* has the following details:—

William McCullough, a painter by trade, aged about sixty years, and an old and highly respected citizen of Niagara Falls, was engaged in painting the middle bridge which spans the torrent that rushes between the first and second of the Three Sister Islands. He occupied a position with a companion on a scaffold which had been swung down on the lower side of the bridge. Approaching his fellow workman, he asked him for some putty, and, receiving the same, stepped back just a little too far, and in an instant was on his back at the bottom of the torrent. Right where he fell the Hermit's Cascade pours its angry waters, and in less time than it takes to write about it the unfortunate man was borne away in the direction of the Horseshoe Fall. The other workman and Mr. George E. Curtiss, who witnessed the accident, and who were paralyzed by what seemed to be the inevitable fate of McCullough, watched the disappearing form until it was swept out of the more rapid current into a small eddy, from the midst of which rose a rock. Against this rock, which is fairly submerged, McCullough was thrown, having been rolled over on his face just before reaching it, and, with the instinct of a drowning man, he clung to it. At the rock the water is between four and five feet deep, and, although stunned by the fall and exhausted by the angry waters which had borne him about 1,500 feet in the direction of a grave, he had strength enough remaining to enable him to climb the rock and to seat himself upon it.

The two men who witnessed the fearful descent, seeing that McCullough was at least temporarily safe, speedily gave the alarm in the village, and soon an excited multitude lined the river's bank and contemplated the scene with such feelings of emotion as may not be described. Men, women and children instinctively sought to determine upon some means of rescue, even while their hearts throbbed with a terrible fear. The rock on which sat the man upon whom all eyes were eagerly centered was the last that projects from the reef below the islands. Between it and the shore swept a wide and deep torrent, while below it the river opens out to its fullest width as if it refused to encounter any further obstructions before it takes its final plunge into the gorge, some sixty rods below. The plan of a rescue was not easy to solve, and the question of the power of endurance remaining to the old man was a serious one in this connection. Fortunately Mr. Pettibone had informed the people at the Cave of the Winds that a man had fallen from the bridge, and Thomas Conroy, one of the guides, heard the remark. He thought that a man had fallen from the Terrapin tower bridge and had gone over the Falls, and started off leisurely up the bank. He had not proceeded far when he found that the entire population of the village had got there before him, and very soon he descried the man on the rock. He knew he was the only man in all the crowd that could save McCullough. Some distance above the rock he found awaiting use a coil of rope about an inch in thickness and passed it into the hands of about a dozen or fifteen men. He consulted nobody—he asked no one's advice; but, with as much coolness as if he were proceeding to his dinner, he took one end of the rope in his left hand, told them to pay it out to him, descended the bank and proceeded into the river, only taking the precaution to divest himself of his boots.

About forty feet from the shore he discovered that the rocks over which he picked his way were too slippery in the strong current, and he returned. He sent to the Cave of the Winds for his felt shoes and these were brought to him with the utmost dispatch. These donned he again started on his perilous journey from a point about two hundred feet above the rock on which sat McCullough. Cautiously, but with imperturbable coolness, he moved out in an oblique direction till he had reached a point beyond the line of the rock, the waters at every step threatening to sweep him out of sight. Carefully he picked his way, now in shallow water and now in deep, and down with the angry tide he went till he reached the rock, and found awaiting him coming a man shivering, exhausted, and almost incapable of utterance. Conroy had accomplished a herculean task in reaching the rock as he did, to say not a word about the danger he braved; he had to keep the long line of heavy rope taut with his left hand while feeling his way on rocks as slippery as ice and contending with a current which would have speedily carried a man of ordinary strength off his feet. In McCullough's hand he found clutched the putty knife he was using at the time of the accident, and this he took from him and put it in his pocket. This done he tied the rope about McCullough's waist, took hold of it with his left hand simply, and both started for the shore. For a hundred feet or so Conroy had not only to look out for himself but for the enfeebled old man in his charge. It was hard work, but they made the distance without accident.

The end was not yet, however, for as they entered the torrent which ran between the shore and the rock both were swept off their feet and buried in the mad waters. The men on shore pulled the rope as rapidly as was safe, and McCullough and his rescuer were dragged ashore. The paper mill whistle blew the hour of noon just as Conroy and McCullough reached the bank, and simultaneously with this huzzas rent the air and ecstacy usurped the place of dread anxiety.

The crowd, wishing to testify promptly and substantially to their appreciation of Conroy's heroism, took up a collection for him, and about $200 were handed to him—a sum very acceptable to a poor man.

After the rescue Mr. McCullough's condition was found to be quite serious, partial delirium having set it, but no fatal consequences are anticipated.

Thomas Conroy, who has proved himself every inch a hero, was born in Ottawa, Canada, twenty-five years ago, of Irish parentage, but spent his early boyhood in Montreal. For seven years he was a sailor along the Newfoundland coast, and only about seven years have elapsed since he first became a citizen of Niagara Falls. In the fall of 1872 he made an excursion with Professor Tyndall under the Falls, in a report of which the eminent scientist showed his appreciation of Conroy's heroic qualities. He is a quarter of an inch over six feet in height, and weighs now 209 pounds, although his full avoirdupois is 220. He has a powerful frame, a quiet pair of eyes, brown hair and sandy mustache. His face is a pleasant one, and would be boyish if it were not for his physical proportions. He has enormous strength and unfailing courage, and seems unwitting of the possession of any great qualities of body, mind or heart, all of which are preeminently his. He has a wife and three children, of whom he is proud, and works hard as a guide at the Cave of the Winds for their maintenance. When the *Courier* reporter asked him what his sensations were when he started out on his dangerous journey, he quietly replied: "When I saw that man in the river, I made up my mind I was going to have him out right off, and if he had been out as far again I would have made for him." Well, Conroy did "have him out right off," and we believe if he had been anywhere in sight he would "have made for him." Thomas Conroy has proved himself a true hero, and his name will go down to future generations as one of Nature's noblemen.

"God made the country and man made the town." Who made the watering places?

Fattening Chickens by Machinery.

It seems to be generally admitted by *gourmands* that no chickens of mechanical fattening have such exquisite flavor as those submitted to the process. In the Gardens of Acclimatation at Paris, this is very scientifically practiced under the direction of M. Odile Martin, "Its advantages," say the authorities, "do not consist in the rapidity of the process alone, but above all in the special quality of the meat thus produced. It is solid, very tender, exceedingly fine-grained, not overfat (which would not be an advantage), very white in color, and of a flavor quite exceptionally excellent."

If this is so, of course there is no help for the chickens. They must perforce enter their *epinettes*, and be mathematically crammed. Behold here the ingenious contrivance of the Gardens of Acclimatation for manufacturing this "exceptionally excellent" flavor!

It is a huge cylinder with fourteen faces, each in five stories of three compartments each. It holds, therefore, 210 fowls. The cylinder is hollow and empty, except for the axis on which it turns. This hollow construction renders it easily ventilated and kept clean. Before it is a box for the operator. This box, or carriage, moves up and down by pulleys. The *gaveur*—the word sounds less offensive than crammer—operates thus: Commencing at the bottom of one of these fourteen faces, he seizes with the left hand the neck of the chicken; and pressing on each side of the beak, the bird is forced to open its mouth, as any lady knows who has doctored a sick chicken or canary. The *gaveur* then introduces the metallic end of the rubber tube into the throat of the chicken, and by a pressure of the foot on a pedal the food rises, and at the same time the amount passing through the tube is indicated on a dial in front of the operator.

It is therefore a skillful operation; for the *gaveur*, whatever other motions are necessary, must pay strict attention to the needle on the dial, or he will give his chicken too much or too little. The three chickens duly fed, he turns the cylinder on its axis a little, and the next face of it is before him. When he has completed the round he turns the crank, and the carriage rises to the next story; and so he goes on to the top. Having completed the upper suit, every chicken in that *epinette* is duly fed. Then he turns the crank in the other direction, and the carriage descends to the floor, where it rests on a railroad. It is then moved along before the next *epinette*, and the whole operation on 210 more chickens is repeated. A skillful operator will *gave*, or cram, 400 chickens in an hour! That is less than nine seconds to each one; for the time to move the cylinder, to move the carriage up, down, and to the next *epinette*, must be counted out.

Under this *epinette* regime, it requires an average of fifteen days to fatten a duck, eighteen for a chicken, twenty for a goose, and twenty-five for a turkey. The feed used for chickens is barley and corn meal mixed with milk into a dough so thin that no other liquid is necessary. The ordinary quantity given is from ten to twenty centiliters, or from seven-tenths to one and four-tenths of a gill each time; but this quantity is reached gradually. When the maximum that any chicken can assimilate is found, the number indicating this quantity is placed before its compartment, and the *gaveur* must measure it exactly on the dial.

Truly this is an age of wonders. What a labor-saving invention this *epinette* must be to the chickens! Maybe it is not wise to give these details. What if some enterprising American should be thereby tempted to invest his whole fortune in a grand improved automaton steam power *epinette*, warranted to feed ten thousand chickens a minute!

Neil's Leap at Raven's Rock.

A writer in *John O'Groat's Journal*, describing the exploits of a gigantic Highlander noted for his agility and strength, winds up his account with the following adventure in which he (the writer) took part when a boy:

The most astounding feat, however, remains to be told; but it is no easy matter to tell it so as to give any idea of its reality. At the lower end of the valley of Braemore the river struggles for some hundred yards through a rocky gorge of Alpine sublimity. Here the whole stream is confined between two rugged rocks in a channel some eight or nine feet wide, just at the point where it falls some forty feet in one whole sheet into a deep, dark and hideous gulf below the rugged and awful precipice.

At this place one cold winter evening Neil and I found ourselves on the wrong side of the river. It was a deep, roaring flood that no man or horse could swim or wade. We had gone far, and my strength was exhausted, so that Neil had to bundle me on his back. How we should cross now was the question. My Scotch giant proposed a way. It makes my flesh creep as I remember it.

"I'll *leap the gorge over the falls*, if you won't be afraid."

"I'll not be afraid if you'll keep hold of me," I said.

Neil scrambled down the rocks till he came directly over the cascade, which roared beneath us with the multiplying echoes of the precipices around, like the bellowing of a thousand lions let loose. Little did I know the nature of the spot, or else I would not have been carried there by saint or sinner.

At last Neil is standing on the very verge of that thundering cascade, and meditates a leap to the other side! But first he made sure of his hold of me, and then, selecting the most likely spot to alight on the opposite rock, which was rather lower, he took a step or two back, and then, with all the spring power of a Bengal tiger, shoots across, and we both alight on the opposite side, and begin our scrambling exit from this never-to-be-forgotten scene.

Going to Europe.

The "Danbury *News* Man" gives this advice: To those making their first trip there are a few words which may be of benefit to them. You are told at the dock that each person must furnish his or her own chair, and you find a man there selling them. It is not necessary to make the purchase. There are benches on deck to sit upon, and if you want a chair it can be rented of the deck steward for less than one-half the price you would pay for the chair. I found that after two or three days' sailing the ladies preferred to sit down on the deck, as being less susceptible to motion. People become wonderfully common and careless on an ocean voyage, and those who suffer the most discomfort are those who are dressed the best. Plenty of wraps for the ladies who stay on deck, and hoods for their heads, with rough and ready clothing for the gentlemen, are what are needed. Mrs. Bailey started off with a very elaborate bonnet, with a view to frightening foreigners, I suspect. If I have set down on that bonnet once, I have forty times; but the wires that ran into me were cold, thank Heaven. Lovers of fine cut tobacco should lay in a supply before sailing. None is to be obtained on board. Liquor is in abundance, and taking it along to allay seasickness is folly. As soon as you get aboard, make yourself acquainted with the ins and outs of the vessel. Keep your stomach clear. Get acquainted with the stewards who are to be near you, and remember that you can get shaved when you want to. Keep on deck as much as you can, and as far from the openings to the lower decks as you can. The odor that arises therefrom no man can tell it, but it is the deadly foe of abdominal equanimity.

THE UNFORTUNATE CLAIMANT. — Arthur Orton is confined in a dungeon hardly big ger than a small coal-cellar, and to which very little light is admitted, with a single chair screwed to the floor, so that its occupant is chained as it were to one posture, cut and cropped like a felon, and in wretched prison garb, fed upon skilly and such miserable diet, with no one to talk to, with no writing materials, and with no book to read. So Dr. Kenealy's paper, the *Englishman*, says.

KIDNAPPING A BOY.

Taking a Witness in Liquor Cases to Boston—Drugged and Kidnapped.

In April Mrs. English, assisted by her boy Fred, obtained evidence against many Brooklyn saloon keepers for selling liquor on Sunday. Fred was the chief witness, as he bought the liquor by his mother's instructions, and he testified at several trials. He suddenly disappeared while they were pending. A few days ago he turned up in Boston, and his story is thus told by the Boston *Herald:*

Early one morning in April Fred was sent by his mother to purchase meat. He walked down Kingston avenue until a horse car should overtake him, and saw two men on the opposite side of the street. He entered a car, and the men got in after him, taking a seat opposite, and during the ride seldom turned their eyes from him. He got off at Grand avenue, and they followed him. Soon one of them said "Bub, is this Albany avenue?" He replied it was not, and they asked him whether he would show them the way. He said he would. He passed along Atlantic avenue, and when near Franklin street saw the two men again, this time in a light wagon, going in the direction of Albany avenue. They hailed him and asked whether he was going to show them the way, to which he replied that he had forgotten all about them, but would do so then, and in response to their urging and saying they were going to Albany avenue, he got into the wagon and took a seat between the two men. They had proceeded but a short distance when one of the men drew a bottle from his pocket, and carrying it to his lips pretended to drink. He then passed it to his comrade and he did the same. They then urged the boy to drink also, but his suspicions had become aroused that all was not right, and he refused. Persisting in his refusal, they forcibly poured some down his throat, and in a few moments he was unconscious.

How long he remained in this condition he has no means of knowing, but when he revived he found himself in a small room, in which was an iron bedstead, a table, and two or three chairs. The shutters were closed and the windows nailed down. He had not, and has not now, the slightest notion of where he was, but judging from the continual sounding of bells and whistles, he thought he must be near some depot. He remained in his place of confinement a long time. Sometimes one of the men who kidnapped him visited him and sometimes the other, and then again both together, and each time would bring him a tumbler of milk. This they would ask him to drink, and on his refusing threatened and finally forced him until he did. In other respects they treated him kindly, and gave him enough to eat. One day one of the men entered his room and remarked: "Bub, you are very sick, and I am going to carry you home." At this time they took away his shirt and boots, the latter a new pair, and gave him instead a striped shirt and an old pair of boots, well worn and with holes in the sides. They also substituted an old hat in place of a comparatively new one. They then put him into a wagon, getting in after him, and again producing a bottle forced him to drink from its contents. This put him to sleep, and the next he remembers he was in a railroad passenger car. The train soon rolled into a large depot, and he was placed in the centre of a covered light wagon and driven rapidly away.

After riding a long distance they turned into a broad lane with houses situated far apart upon it, at the end of which was a gate. This the driver opened and then drove up to a house, and in response to a ring of the bell an old man and woman came to the door. On alighting the woman asked, "Is this the boy I am to adopt?" and receiving a reply in the affirmative, she turned to the boy and said, "Your name is not Freddy now; it is Davy." The two men drove away, and Freddy was taken by his new guardians into a nicely carpeted, elegantly furnished room, and told this was to be his new home. A few moments after his arrival the woman took from a corner of the room a medium sized roll, neatly sealed with red wax, and said to Fred, "This is my authority for keeping you from your mother. I have a telegraphic machine in my house, and if you run away in two hours the whole police force of the country will be on your track." As near as he can judge he must have remained in the house ten days. The outside doors were kept carefully locked and the strictest watch was kept upon the boy by the old folks to prevent his escape. Although it is impossible to give the situation of this house subsequent investigation indicates it is somewhere in the neighboring town of Brookline.

In spite of the old woman's threats Fred was watching every opportunity to escape, and made his first attempt. Gaining possession of the key to the kitchen door he unlocked it, and was about to run when the old woman detected him, brought him back into the house, and gave him a sound boxing of the ears. Nothing daunted at his non-success, on the next morning he tried again and succeeded. He was accompanying the old hag in the kitchen, she having the key in her hand, when the door bell rang. Thoughtlessly leaving the key on the table, she went up stairs to answer the bell. No sooner had she gone than Fred grabbed the key, unlocked the door, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. How far he ran he is unable to tell, but he did not stop till he stood upon a long and broad thoroughfare, and looking at a street sign upon a lamp post it read "Tremont street." He went into a a drug store, and in response to his inquiries was told he was in Boston. He trudged along till he strolled into Washington street, and on his way he remembered that the Rev. Mr. Pentacost, pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, came from Brooklyn, and had formerly preached in the church which he and his parents had attended. Going into Brown's drug store on Washington street he asked the way to Mr. Pentacost's house. On being directed he soon found him.

Mr. Pentacost recognized the lad, and sent him to the Appleton Temporary Home to remain till he could communicate with his friends in Brooklyn. Letters were soon received showing the boy's story to be correct. They showed, furthermore, that the boy's kidnappers had come on from Boston to do the deed, and though no one knew of his whereabouts, it was surmised he was concealed somewhere in the vicinity.

The boy states that one of his kidnappers was a tall, thin-featured man, with mustache and chin whiskers, blue coat and pants, cap, black vest, white shirt, and black neck-tie. The other one was a short, very thick set person, brown pants, black coat, and white striped vest. Each called the other "Barb," while the old man at the house referred to was called "Pete." The boy tells his story in a plain, straightforward manner. A letter received from Brooklyn says that active enemies are still on the boy's track and will endeavor to prevent him from reaching that city.

A Frightened Beast.

A trumpeter of a regiment stationed at the Cape of Good Hope drank so much one night that he could not stand up, and in this situation his companions carried him out in the open air and laid him down to get cool and sober. He soon fell asleep, and a wild beast happening along and thinking him dead, lifted him up and carried him off, expecting to have a good meal of him. The fellow on awaking was horror-struck to find himself in the power of a ferocious beast, who was making off to the mountains with him as fast as possible. But his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet, which hung about his neck, he sounded a terrible blast, at which the beast, thinking he had a dead man to deal with, became as much frightened as the man was with his situation. The prey was dropped, and captor and captive, equally alarmed, scampered in opposite directions as fast as possible.

XLIIId UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

IN THE SENATE.

THE WORKINGMEN.

Mr. Hager, of Cal., presented a preamble and resolutions of a mass meeting of workingmen in that State favoring the Eight-Hour law, condemning the action of Government officials who have evaded the same, approving the action of the President in overruling such officers, asking the removal of Supervising Architect Mullett, the imposition of a tax on the holders of United States bonds, opposing the granting of lands for the purpose of subsidizing railroads, against the importation of Chinese, and asking for the abolition of the contract system on public works.

BILLS REPORTED.

Mr. Sprague, of R. I., from the Committee on Public Lands, reported, with amendment, the bill to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain. Placed on the calendar.

BELGIAN TREATY.

Mr. Cameron, of Pa., from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported favorably on the joint resolution providing for the termination of the treaty between the United States and Belgium of July 17, 1858. Passed.

IN THE HOUSE.

DUTY FREE.

Mr. Kelley, of Pa., from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill to admit all articles for exhibition at the Centennial free of duty. Passed.

IMPROVEMENTS.

The bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi was taken up; a substitute offered by Mr. Garfield was rejected; a substitute offered by Mr. McCrary, to provide for the construction of the Fort St. Phillip Canal was then passed.

LOUISIANA REPRESENTATIVES.

The House adopted a resolution declaring that there is not sufficient testimony to show the election of either Mr. Sheridan or Mr. Pinchback from Louisiana.

BILLS PASSED.

The bill abolishing the Western Judicial District of Arkansas was passed.

Conventions and Elections.

The following record of Elections and Conventions has been carefully prepared and corrected:

June 23—Maine Democratic Convention, in Portland.

June 23—Lumbermen's International convention, in Williamsport, Penn.

June 24—Iowa Anti-Monopoly Convention, in Des Moines.

June 25—Alabama Colored Men's Convention, in Montgomery.

June 30—Illinois Prohibition Convention, in Bloomington.

June 30—Arkansas election for Constitutional Convention.

July 1—Iowa Republican Convention, in Des Moines.

July 14—Arkansas Constitutinal Convention meets, if carried.

July 15—Indiana Democratic Convention, in Indianapolis.

July 15—Ohio Democratic Convention, in Columbus. (A meeting of the State Committee is to be held to see if the call shall be withdrawn until after the election on the proposed new constitution.)

July 29—Alabama Democratic Convention, in Montgomery.

Aug. 3—Election in Kentucky.

Aug. 5—Kansas Farmers' Convention, in Topeka.

Aug. 6—Election in North Carolina.

Aug. 6—Michigan Reform Mass Convention, in Lansing.

Aug. 18—Special election in Ohio on the new Constitution.

Aug. 19—Pennsylvania Republican Convention, in Harrisburg.

Aug. 19—Tennessee Democratic Convention, in Nashville.

Aug. 26—Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, in Pittsburg.

Sept. 1—Election in Vermont.

Sept. 14—Election in Maine.

Oct. 13—Election in Ohio, if new Constitution is rejected.

Oct. 13—Election in Indiana.

Oct. 13—Election in Iowa.

Oct. 13—Election in Nebraska.

Oct. 14—Election in Georgia.

Oct. 22—Election in West Virginia.

Nov. 2—Election in Louisiana.

Nov. 3—Election in Ohio, if new Constitution is ratified (Aug. 18.)

Nov. 3—Elections in Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Wisconsin.

NOTE.—All the above-named States elect representatives for the Forty-fourth Congress, besides State officers varying in each State. Rhode Island will elect members of Congress in that State. The elections to the Forty-fourth Congress will be completed, next year, as follows: New Hampshire, in March; Connecticut, in April; California, in September; Mississippi, in November. The Forty-fourth Congress will, unless sooner convened, meet on the first Monday in December, 1875.

The Iron Dome of the Capitol.

The iron dome of the Capitol at Washington is 300 feet high, and is surmounted by a metallic statue. In reply to an inquiry, as to whether there was a daily movement of the statute, due to the heat of the sun, the architect, Mr. Clark, gives the following particulars:

The statute on the Capitol has a motion resulting from the unequal expansion of the opposite sides of the dome. The entire length of the line of oscillation of the plummet from the eastern limit to the western limit is only four and a half inches, which would make the inclination in the morning two and a quarter inches to the west, and in the afternoon the same distance to the east. This apportionment of the distance for morning and evening, however, is not strictly correct, and for this reason: that in the morning the east side of the dome is rapidly heated, while the west side is chilled by radiation through the night. Now as the sun passes to the western side of the dome, this side is heated, but as the east side still retains a good portion of its heat, the expansion is more nearly equalized on both sides and the inclination of the statue to the earth to some extent counteracted, so that the inclination to the west is a little greater than that toward the east The variation is probably about the same all the year around, the extra contracting by cold on one side of the dome during the winter producing the same effect as the extra degree of expansion by heat on the other side in the summer."

A Suicide.

A recent remarkable suicide is attracting much attention at the South. Last winter a beautiful and accomplished young lady reigned as the belle of New Orleans, and captivated by her charms a young clerk and a wealthy merchant. Society believed that the young man had won the maiden's heart, but it was soon found out that she had accepted the hand of the merchant, and they were recently married. The rejected lover attended the wedding, and after the ceremony the groom and a few friends gathered to drink a parting toast. At that moment the young man entered, approaching the groom, felled him to the floor. A duel was forthwith arranged, and the young man was in the act of thrusting his foil through the man's throat, when the bride rushed in, threw herself between the combatants, and begged her husband's life from his rival's hands. The young man threw his foil upon the floor, and the next morning he was found in his room with a bullet through his brain.

A Paris letter records it as a strange fact, that under the rule of a republic, the old and beloved song of the Marseillaise is once more forbidden.

A protruding toe is not a pretty sight, and is never seen where children wear SILVER TIPPED Shoes. They will save half your shoe bills. For sale by all Dealers.—[Com.

Habitual constipation leads to the following results: Inflammation of the kidneys, sick and nervous headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, piles, loss of appetite and strength; all of which may be avoided by being regular in your habits, and taking, say one of *Parsons' Purgative Pills* nightly for our or six weeks.—*Com.*

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment may be used to advantage where any Liniment is desirable. In cases of severe cramps and pains in the stomach, it is undoubtedly the best article that can be used internally.—*Com.*

Success Based Upon Merit.

It is a subject of general remark, among both wholesale and retail druggists, that no medicine introduced to the American public has ever gained such a popularity and met with so large a sale in all parts of the land, in the same length of time, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This cannot depend upon its having been more largely advertised than